

# BEADLE'S HALF DIME Library

Entered at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., at Second Class Mail Rates.

Copyright, 1887, by BEADLE AND ADAMS.

May 24, 1887.

Vol. XX.

\$2.50  
a Year.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY BEADLE AND ADAMS,  
No. 98 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK.

Price,  
5 Cents.

No. 513.



## DEADHOLD, THE 'KID' DETECTIVE.

A Story of the Worked-Out Mine.

BY GEO. C. JENKS,  
AUTHOR OF "GIT THAR OWNEY," "GIT THAR OWNEY'S  
PLEDGE," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE STRANGE LIGHT ON THE RIVER.

"Down brakes! Down brakes! Down br-a-a-akes!" shrieked the locomotive whistle.  
"Down brakes!" responded the brakemen, as they flew to their posts and wildly turned the iron wheels controlling the mighty speed of the Night Express.

WITH A YELL OF RAGE, BARNEY DRIVER SPRUNG FROM HIS CHAIR, AS IF TO RUSH UPON THE PALE-FACED BOY, WHO STOOD BREATHLESSLY, BUT DEFIANTLY, JUST INSIDE THE WINDOW.



"Down brakes!" patted the fireman, in the cab of the engine, as he, too, lent his aid toward checking the train, and—

"Down brakes!" mutely joined in a living something stretched across the track of the B. & O. on that stormy December night.

It was a dark and dangerous place. Though only five or six miles from the heart of Pittsburgh, it was as desolate as if it had been in the inmost fastnesses of the mountains which interpose their gigantic bulk between Eastern and Western Pennsylvania.

On one side a high, jagged cliff, the rocks preserving all the ugly angularities left by the giant powder used in blasting a way for the railroad; on the other, the turbid, rushing waters of the Monongahela River, bearing on its bosom many a whisper of the rustic quietude in which it takes its rise, but yet seeking the busy hum of industry in the Smoky City with an eagerness very similar to that of the human delver for wealth in Pittsburgh's murky precincts.

On the opposite side of the river a lurid glare shooting up here and there against the inky blackness of the sky told that iron and steel mills were in operation, and that half-naked sons of Vulcan were literally earning bread for themselves and families by the sweat of their brows. Mingling with the noise of wind and rain the indescribable hum and roar which ever rises and falls in regular cadence in Pittsburgh forced itself upon the notice and spoke of fortunes being made for the manufacturers and wages for the workmen.

"Down brakes!"

The locked wheels of the train grated on the rails; the engine, with the lever reversed by the engineer, struggled hard to overcome the momentum gathered from its previous swift flight, and the headlight threw a sickly glare over the form lying helpless on the rocky road-bed with limbs stretched over the rails, as if courting a fearful, bloody death!

"What is it?" asked the engineer of his fireman, as the latter, with both hands on the brake-wheel, peered with starting eyeballs and bated breath into the night.

"It is a boy, I believe!"

"So it is! And we are on the down-grade. It will be a close call."

A score of heads were protruding from the car windows and the excitement was intense.

For the moment the fate of the helpless creature on the track was of more importance than that of nations. The passengers grasped the window ledges as if they would stop the train themselves by expending their strength on the insensate wood.

"See, he moves!" cried the fireman. "Ring the bell louder and whistle!"

"It is no use. Nothing can save him," returned the engineer. "We are right upon him."

The train had materially slackened its pace and a sulphurous smell arose from the track as the brakes, pressed hard down, prevented the wheels turning, and caused them to strike fire from the rails.

Forty yards more and the living sacrifice to the monster of iron and steel would be consummated.

"No good, talking, Jim!" said the fireman. "I ain't going to see that boy crushed to death! I believe I can save him!" and, like a cat, the fireman climbed out of the cab, crept swiftly along the side of the locomotive, where the throbbing of the immense driving-wheels hardly kept pace with that of his own heart, and reached the cow-catcher. The engine was very close now, and the fireman hardly had time to reach down and grasp the boy with a side fling, ere the spot where he had lain was half the length of the train behind!

But the deed was accomplished, somehow, and the unknown was safe!

Just as the fireman flung the boy from the track, a tall figure sprang out from behind an old wooden shanty which stood, and still stands, at the side of the B. & O. Railroad track at that particular point—a man of perhaps forty years of age, with swarthy countenance and strongly-marked features. His square chin was covered, though not concealed, by a thick growth of grizzled beard, while his strong white teeth gleamed from beneath a heavy mustache. His dress was that of a mill man, while his large, muscular hands and stubby fingers seemed to indicate that he was familiar with the use of heavy tools and powerful machinery.

"Curse their smartness!" he hissed. "They have upset all my arrangements, and I shall have to do everything over again."

He stooped and raised the boy in his arms as he spoke, and, throwing him over his shoulder, strode down the bank to the river.

He cast the boy, with no gentle hand, into the bottom of a skiff which was bobbing up and down against a cluster of wooden piles. Then, stepping in himself, he shoved off into the river and waited for the people on the train to finish their investigation.

"Lord, how it *does* rain!" muttered the man, as he pulled his coat closer around him. "And it is as dark as a grave. I'll have trouble over this night's work as sure as my name is Barney Driver. I shall get the rheumatism, if nothing worse; that is certain."

The train had stopped and several of the crew were searching the side of the track for the boy who had had so narrow an escape. Up and down they walked, swinging their lanterns and inspecting every inch of the ground where he was likely to be.

Not a vestige of him could they find. He had vanished completely!

It puzzled the trainmen, but a Night Express must be on time, and they did not stay long when they found that their search was fruitless.

In a few minutes the conductor sung out "All aboard!" a lantern gave the signal to the engineer,

and the B. & O. Express was once more on its way to Pittsburgh, the red light on the rear car throwing a long streak of color on the wet rails behind, that looked like newly-spilled blood!

"So. It has gone!" said Barney Driver to himself. "Now for this brat! If that engineer had not been provided with good eyesight it would have been all over by this time, and no one would have been any the wiser. If I only dared to throw him overboard. But no; it would be too dangerous. The other plan was the best. Just a case of walking on the track; a hasty inquest; no one to identify the remains; burial by the city, and Barney Driver all right. I might give it up and let him stay with me, perhaps. But no, no; I couldn't stand *that*! He must die. That is the only thing to do, as far as he is concerned."

It had stopped raining, and one feeble star could be distinguished peeping through the heavy banks of clouds, as if it were a pitying eye fixed on the still form in the bottom of the boat.

The boy seemed conscious of this inquest, for he stirred slightly and opened his eyes.

Barney Driver heard the movement and dropped on his knees to peer into the young face.

"Oh, I am so tired!" said the boy, wearily. "Where am I? I feel as if I were being rocked in a cradle, as mother used to rock me, years ago!"

"Shut your mouth, you fool!" was Barney Driver's unsympathetic response, "or I'll give you a different kind of rock. I'll slug you!"

The boy forced himself into a sitting position and looked straight into the eyes of Barney Driver.

"What do you mean to do with me? And how is it I am in a boat alone, with you, in the middle of the night?"

"You are in the boat because I put you in, and how you came to be walking on the track in the middle of the night you know better than I can tell you. What is your name?" asked Barney.

The boy hesitated a moment and then replied, as if with difficulty: "Frank Trenton."

"Where are you from?"

"New York."

"How did you get here?"

"Walked."

"What did you come for?"

"Work."

"Have you learned any trade?"

"No, but I am willing to turn my hand to anything."

"Well, there are plenty of places in Pittsburgh where a strong, healthy boy can get work, and—"

"Bang! bang!"

Two deafening reports sounded from underneath the boat, and at the same moment a blinding flash of light glared in Barney Driver's eyes.

Ere he could recover his breath the light was gone and all was darkness as before.

"What was that?" he spluttered, with an air of bravado.

The only answer was the souging of the wind and the splashing of the big rain-drops in the boat. The storm, which had for a few minutes lessened in violence, increased once more as if it would annihilate the skiff and its two passengers.

The boy had fallen back again and the rain was beating upon his upturned face and washing his clustering curls from his forehead.

"He's gone again!" said Barney. "Chloroform will fix them, every time, when properly administered. I have a good mind to pitch him overboard now. There could not be much danger in it. No one knows I am here, and even if they did and the worst came to the worst I could say that it was an accident. Something must be done quickly one way or the other. I don't want to stay here in the rain. I have been pretty nearly struck by lightning once and that is enough. That stroke just now was too close to be comfortable."

The boat had drifted into the middle of the river by this time and had gone down with the current until the roar of the locks could be heard distinctly above the noise of the storm.

"Hallo! I don't want to be seen by those fellows at the lock," said Barney. "That would give my scheme away, completely."

He picked up a pair of oars which lay by the side of the boy and commenced to pull up-stream, muttering to himself meanwhile:

"I feel sure that boy saw me at Sing Sing, and that he will give me away if he ever gets a chance. I have no desire to put in another three years in the 'jug.' I had a close shave in getting out of it, and I mean to stay out, if possible. Then there is this little thing, too."

He let go of the oar on his left, and grasping it with his right hand, steadied the right-hand oar with his elbow. With his disengaged left hand he drew a ring from his pocket.

"A diamond and worth \$500 at least. I wonder where he got it? Not honestly, I feel sure. Then why haven't I as much right to it as him? I'm going to keep it, anyhow."

He was so much absorbed in the contemplation of the jewel that he did not notice a light dancing up and down within a few yards of his boat to the left. The light seemed to be floating in mid-air, about five feet above the water, and its colors changed from white to red, then to blue, yellow, and finally to white again, but a white of much greater brilliancy than at first.

What could it be?

There was no sound, as of a boat, being rowed in the vicinity, and the storm had lulled again, so that the splash of oars and the ripple of a boat's keel could have been heard plainly if it had existed.

Still the light shone and moved up and down as if borne on the crest of the huge waves or by a being walking on the river.

Nearer and nearer it came until, with a start, Barney Driver saw it.

He fell back, with jaws and eyes distended, while the oars, released from his hold, slipped out of the oarlocks and floated away on the surface of the water.

"There it is again!" he gasped, while the cold sweat burst out upon his forehead and his whole form became convulsed as if in a spasm. "It is always a sign of bad luck for me! What *can* it be? If I ever find out that some fellow has been playing a trick on me, I'll—I'll— By gracious! It is gone!"

Boom! sounded the big bell from City Hall, its deep note coming distinctly to Barney's ears as he looked around him.

"Three o'clock! I must get this job over! It is only a boy, after all. And, who knows? Perhaps he will get out and jump the town. I'll give him the chance."

He stooped and raised the inanimate form of the lad in his arms. Standing up and bracing his feet firmly, he threw his victim clear off the boat into the river.

There was a loud splash, and at the same moment, a flood of light burst over the scene, while a giant hand seized Barney by the throat and bore him into the bottom of his boat.

As he was forced irresistibly back, he saw the form of a singular being, nearly seven feet high, wrapped in a black cloak and with a black skull-cap perched on top of his white hair, while, from the middle of his chest gleamed the light which illuminated everything within a dozen yards of it, and added to the unearthly look of its wearer. The being had a long, sharp nose, and piercing black eyes, which, under their heavy eyebrows seemed to vie with the brilliancy of the mysterious light emitted from his chest.

As Barney struggled in the powerful clasp of the bony fingers, he shrieked as one in mortal terror: "*The Demon Doctor!*"

Then the light vanished as suddenly as it had appeared, and Barney found himself alone in the middle of the river, save for the corpse like face of the boy, which glided down the stream a dozen yards from the boat.

## CHAPTER II.

### FRANK TRENTON'S MYSTERIOUS POWER.

WORK was in full swing at the Star Steel Works on the morning after the events narrated in the last chapter. The day had broken clear and cold and the five hundred men employed in the mill were working with a will.

Huge masses of white hot steel were being passed backward and forward through the rolls, by men who, with their long iron tongs, seemed to manipulate the hissing metal as easily as if it were molasses candy. Each time it was put through the rolls it came out longer and thinner, until at last it only needed a few finishing touches to make it a perfect rail, ready to take its place as part of a railway in any quarter of the globe.

"Faith! an' it's meself ez would loike to be goin' to the picnic beyant," said Mike Carroll, as he helped to draw a bar of the hot steel from the last roll.

"What are you talking about?" gruffly asked Barney Driver, who was in charge of the rolls. "It seems to me you are always wanting to go to picnics. It is a pity you have anything else to do. As for me, I find my work takes all my time, without thinking of picnics."

Mike Carroll winked comically to a companion who stood near him, taking care that Barney Driver did not see the action, however, as he replied:

"Ah, thin, Mr. Droiver, a picnic in Dacimber wu'd be a moighty cowlid sport; but I belave as it wu'd be for the benefit of yer soul and body if ye did take more divarsion. Ye'd feel the better for it, and—"

"Curse you, what are you doing?" interrupted Barney, as Mike accidentally dug him in the ribs with the handle of his tongs.

Mike tried to apologize, but his sense of humor overcame his desire to mollify Barney, and he burst out laughing at the ridiculous figure cut by the latter as he danced around with pain.

Like a flash, Barney seized a heavy sledge-hammer, swung it around his head, and was about to bring it down upon poor Mike's shoulders, when the terrible weapon was caught by some one behind and the blow was prevented.

With another oath Barney turned quickly around, and looked into the pale face of Frank Trenton, the boy he had thrown into the Monongahela River a few hours before!

"Where—where—did you come from?" he asked, as his own swarthy face turned almost as pale as the boy's.

"Never mind. Put your hammer down and go on with your work. I am employed in this mill. I have just been engaged. If you want to ask me any questions you will have plenty of opportunity in the future."

There was an air of quiet command about the boy, very different to his timid manner while in the boat the night before, and Barney obeyed him mechanically.

Then Frank Trenton went to work assisting at the rolls in another part of the large room doing the best his rather limited strength would allow, and soon making himself popular by the willingness he evinced to render himself useful.

Barney Driver looked across to the boy from time to time with an expression of mystification, that showed how he was puzzled by the appearance of his supposed victim alive and in apparent good health.



"What can it mean?" he asked himself a score of times through the day, as the steel bars, like red-hot tongues, protruded from the jaws of the iron monsters that were chewing them into a merchantable commodity.

He was utterly unable to answer his own question, and he knew it was of no use asking his helper, Mike Carroll, for that worthy was not troubling himself about anything beyond getting through his day's work, with the prospect of a glass of beer at the end of it.

Barney Driver was not popular with the men in the Star Steel Works. He was gruff in manner, and there were strange tales afloat concerning him. It was said that he dabbled in chemistry and that he believed in spiritualism and clairvoyance. He had himself boasted one day that he had killed his man, and he had a peculiar swagger which his enemies declared he could only have acquired in a penitentiary.

Still, he was a big, powerful man, and he forced a sort of negative respect from his associates.

There was another whisper about Barney Driver, however, that was, in the estimation of his fellow-workmen, more serious than any other imputation that could be cast upon him.

He was said to secretly advocate non union principles. Though perforce a member of the "Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers," because he could not have otherwise worked in a Pittsburgh mill, it was claimed that his record was a shady one, and that he only waited a fair opportunity to betray his fellow-workmen. Out of his hearing he was almost invariably spoken of as "Barney, the Blacksheep."

In a large factory like the Star Mill there were necessarily many types of character among the employees. They were not all Barney Drivers.

One young fellow who worked not far from Barney, and who was the very opposite in disposition and appearance, was named Lawrence Sinclair.

Sinclair was tall, lithe and graceful, with a world of strength in his sinewy limbs, and with courage enough to use his strength in defense either of himself or a friend, if need be. Straight, regular features, piercing blue eyes, and short, blonde curls clustering on his high forehead bespoke one of nature's noblemen, even through the soot and grime gathered in the course of a day's work in the mill.

Everybody liked Lawrence Sinclair. There was an openness, a rough-and-ready good nature about the young fellow that irresistibly attracted people to him, and there were few men in the Star Mill who would not have stood by him to the last drop of blood.

There was one person, however, whom Lawrence Sinclair cordially disliked—Barney Driver. Not without cause, either. There were good reasons for the feeling. What these reasons were may appear later on.

Lawrence Sinclair had witnessed the episode of the hammer, and had admired the promptitude with which the pale-faced boy had interfered to prevent bloodshed.

"You have lots of pluck, young one," said Sinclair, as the lad walked past.

"Have I?" was the cool rejoinder.

"That's what. Don't you know Barney Driver is a bad man?"

"He is not bad enough to hurt me. I don't fear him, and he knows it."

"Have you met him before?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"Tend to your own affairs, Sinclair," interposed the gruff voice of "Barney, the Blacksheep," at this juncture. "The boy is an old friend of mine, or I would not have let him stop me from licking that fellow. You ought to have guessed that."

Sinclair did not reply, but he exchanged a look with Barney Driver, as the latter returned to his work, that meant trouble in the future.

"All right, Trenton," said Sinclair. "Go to your work, but let me see you at quitting time. I want to talk to you."

The boy quietly resumed his labors and Sinclair walked away.

All day the business of the mill went on, and at six o'clock the men on the day turn gave up their places to those who were to keep the insatiate jaws of the rolls occupied through the night.

Frank Trenton felt weary as he stepped over to the long trough where the day men, each with his own towel thrown over his shoulder, were scouring some of the marks of their day's labor from face, neck and hands.

"Well, young one, how do you feel now?" asked the cheery voice of Lawrence Sinclair, as he splashed into the water in the trough and sluiced himself from the crown of his head to the middle of the chest, regardless of his wet shirt. "How do you like working in the Star Mill?"

Frank Trenton removed the black from his face and hands as well as he could, and looking up into the face of his friend, replied with a faint smile:

"I am rather tired."

"Dare say you are. It's hard work when you are not used to it, particularly to a little chap like you. Where are you boarding?"

"I haven't got a boarding-house yet. I only came to Pittsburgh this morning."

"That so? Then come home with me. My mother has a room that will just suit you. It isn't very big, but then—you are not very big either. I've kind of taken a liking to you, and I don't want to see you get in with the gang here. I am afraid they are rather too rough for you."

Ten minutes later, Lawrence Sinclair and Frank Trenton were standing in the parlor of the former's house, while a motherly woman, the Widow Sin-

clair, was telling her son's new friend that he was heartily welcome, and that she would try to make him as comfortable as possible.

"Then let's have supper, mother. That's the first thing," said Lawrence, heartily. "Frank is pretty well played out by his first day's work in the mill."

"Beggorra, yes, an' it's meself that's played out too, wid running after him," broke in the voice of Mike Carroll, as the Irishman appeared in the doorway. "Barney Driver wants to sp'ake wid ye, an' he towld me to ask ye to go out beyant, me little lad. An' it's hurryin' ye'd better be, too, for Barney isn't in the best of tempers, d'ye moind."

Lawrence broke forth with a sudden invective.

"Lawrence," said his mother in warning tones.

"Yes, mother, I beg your pardon; but that man makes me so mad with his domineering ways that I can hardly help breaking out sometimes," returned Lawrence.

"Where is he?" asked Frank Trenton of Mike Carroll.

"Down the road a piece," was the reply. "I'll take ye to him in a pig's whisper if you're ready," said Mike.

"Come on, then!" said Frank, and before Lawrence or his mother could say a word in remonstrance, he was gone, closely followed by Mike.

"What does this mean!" said Mrs. Sinclair. "Who is this boy?"

"I don't know, mother. There is some mystery about it, and I intend to find out what it is. That boy is too young and innocent to be a friend of Barney the Blacksheep, and if there is any foul play in the matter, I'll make it hot for that big villain as sure as my name is Lawrence Sinclair."

Mrs. Sinclair walked to the window, but all was darkness outside. She stood looking out into the night, however, for two or three minutes, while her son dropped into a chair with an air of weariness.

"Curse you!" rung out the deep voice of Barney Driver. "I'll finish you, this time!"

Lawrence Sinclair sprang to his feet.

"Look, Lawrence!" cried Mrs. Sinclair, excitedly. "Come to the window, quick!"

Her son rushed to the window and looked out, while his frame thrilled with excitement at the sight that met his gaze.

A bright light illumined the hitherto pitch-dark road, and shone full on the figure of Barney Driver, half-recumbent in the dust, while Frank Trenton bent over him, grasping his wrist and apparently whispering in his ear.

On the face of Barney was a look of horror, as if he were under some supernatural influence.

Even as they looked, the light suddenly disappeared, and the next minute Frank Trenton burst into the room, pale and breathless, and sunk on the floor in a deadly faint.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE PLOT THICKENS.

In a lonely house that stood in a hollow near the crest of the gigantic cliff, four hundred feet high, overlooking the seething city of Pittsburgh, and known as Mount Washington, was a man, sitting in a dimly-lighted room. Save for the shaded lamp, whose light fell only on an outspread parchment on the table, which he was earnestly perusing, there was nothing to relieve the almost tomb-like darkness of the apartment.

It was about two hours after the events narrated in the last chapter.

The reader kept his eyes fastened on his paper, resting his forehead in his two hands, and seemed almost entirely absorbed by the queer characters of his manuscript.

With a deep sigh he raised his head, so that his features were revealed in the light of the lamp.

It was the Demon Doctor!

At the first glance one can see that he is a student. His high, pale forehead, from which is pushed back a clustering mass of white hair; his dark, thoughtful eyes, flashing like coals of fire in cavernous recesses beneath heavy eyebrows, and his pensive but firm mouth, the outlines of which are not concealed by the mustache that droops on each side to mingle with the flowing beard.

"Strange," mutters the Demon Doctor, "very strange."

He rises from his seat and paces the room, which, as one becomes accustomed to the dimness, is seen to be stored with books, manuscripts, oddly-shaped instruments of brass, leather, wood and glass—the latter substance being distorted into every conceivable form in vials, retorts, alembics, and the thousand-and-one vessels used by chemists. A galvanic battery stands on a small table in a corner, while a human skeleton grins from a closet, the curtain in front of which has been accidentally pushed aside. A stuffed crocodile hangs from the ceiling, showing that the occupant of the room has that delight in oddities which was so characteristic of the searchers for the unknowable in long dead-and-gone centuries.

He is a man of almost gigantic stature. When he stands up to his full height he is at least six feet eight inches in height, with a broad, sturdy frame, that looks capable of withstanding the assaults of two ordinary men.

"Strange!" he repeats, as he paces slowly to and fro. "With all my study, extending over my whole life, of the mystic forces of nature, I am still obliged to employ a boy whose life I could crush out in my hand, as I would an eggshell, to assist me in running down a vulgar thief! My erudition, which I have burned my brain for years to acquire, does not assist me in fixing a crime on a man whom I more than suspect of being the perpetrator. Strange—strange!"

He walked up and down for several minutes, cogitating deeply.

"Father!" A sweet voice that of a young girl. It made the Doctor start, while a smile of affection drove the preoccupied look from his face.

The door had opened, and the girl stood in the shadows in a distant corner, in a hesitating manner, as if she were afraid of intruding on the studies of her father.

"Come in, Lucette. I am not busy. Come in, my daughter," said the Demon Doctor, as he stepped toward the young girl, took her by the hand and kissed her. "I am expecting that boy this evening who is helping me to get back your mother's jewels. A bright boy he is, too, but a mere boy physically. If I had not happened to be on the river last night, I am afraid he would have found a grave at the bottom of the Monongahela, then."

"How good you are, father! You always seem to be in the right place at the right time," said the girl, with an admiring glance at her father's face.

"Good!" laughed the Demon Doctor. "Well, I don't know. I should have been very bad if I had not put out my hand to save a helpless boy from a terrible death. Don't you think so, dear?"

"Listen, father."

"What do you hear?" The young girl was looking through a window that, entirely unshaded, showed that the darkness without was of inky blackness.

"I thought I heard a light tap at the window," said Lucette, straining her eyes in the endeavor to penetrate the thick pall of night outside.

Tap, tap, tap!

The girl was right. There was somebody outside, signaling the inmates of the room.

"We'll soon see who it is, daughter," said the Demon Doctor, as he stepped to a corner of the room and placed his hand against the wall.

Instantly a powerful blue reflection shone over the hitherto black space outside the window and clearly defined every object.

A clear space of perhaps fifty feet extended from the window to a high, cinderous bank that shut off the view entirely on that side. In the bank, to the right, was a hole, about four feet square, leading apparently into the bowels of the earth.

The space between the house and the bank was rough and uneven, with huge masses of slate and rock lying here and there, the whole scene being suggestive of former activity, when coal was mined to the extent of hundreds of tons daily, and sent to feed the home fires and manufacturing furnaces of towns and cities in every part of the continent.

But this activity had long since ceased, and the hole in the bank was now only one of the many means of ingress and egress to the resort of lawless characters who found the disused coal mines of Mount Washington a comparatively safe hiding-place.

"I do not see anybody, father," said Lucette, as she looked through the window in all directions, "but I am sure I heard some one tap."

The Demon Doctor smiled grimly, as he walked to the side of his daughter and placed his foot on a certain bright red flower that stood forth conspicuously in the nearly obliterated pattern of the well-worn carpet.

A howl of pain arose from the outside, as a man jumped up from beneath the window and stood with a ludicrous expression of dismay on his face, looking at Lucette and her father.

"Electricity is a very useful thing—eh, Lucette?" said the Demon Doctor. "Go to your room, my dear. I must talk to this man alone."

Lucette quietly obeyed her father and retired, as he opened the window, and motioned to the visitor to come in.

The latter, without a word, stepped through the opening, and sat down in the Doctor's chair where the light from the student lamp shone full on his face and showed the sullen features of Barney Driver.

The Demon Doctor pressed the wall in the corner, and the blue light disappeared leaving the darkness outside as black as before.

"Well, professor," said Barney, "I am here, as I told you I would be, and I want you to come right down to business. And I may as well tell you that I mean to claim damages from you for assaulting me last night on the river, when I was attending strictly to my own business, and just enjoying a little fishing. You scared me nearly to death, too. You are always playing those sort of tricks. Hanged if I don't believe you are a demon anyhow."

The Demon Doctor smiled contemptuously.

"I am nothing more than a student of natural forces, and when I show the people that electricity will give them powers beyond anything dreamed of by writers of fairy tales, they shake their heads in holy horror, and call me a demon or a crank."

The Demon Doctor spoke musingly, and evidently was only thinking aloud.

Barney Driver wriggled impatiently in his chair.

"Well, never mind about that," he said. "Let us get down to business."

"I am listening."

"You know I told you some time ago that I had a secret which I would sell to you at a reasonable rate—a secret about—"

"About my daughter? Well?"

"Your daughter, eh?" repeated Barney, with a coarse laugh. "Well, yes, all right; if you like to call her your daughter, I don't object, of course. She certainly ain't my daughter."

There was a dangerous gleam in the Demon Doctor's dark eyes for a second, but Barney did not see it, as he continued:



"We know—you and I—that this young girl, Lucette, ain't any more your daughter than she is mine. You don't know whose she is. I do. It will cost you just \$12,000 to become as wise as I am. I can get 10,000 for the information in another quarter. That is why I ask you twelve."

"You are candid," observed the Demon Doctor. "Yes, and I am also a man of my word. If you don't settle this business with me to-night, the other party will get the chance, and you may say good-by to your daughter," with ironical emphasis on the word.

"Twelve thousand dollars is a good deal of money," said the Demon Doctor, slowly.

"Certainly; but when you consider that there is a cool million coming to that girl when it is proved who she is, it don't seem so much; now, does it? You see, all you have to do is to be appointed her guardian, which you can easily manage. She has an uncle who will try to head you off in that; but you can get that all settled in court beforehand, and he will be helpless. Then, with papers that I have, and that I will turn over to you for and in consideration of the sum of \$12,000—as the lawyers say—you can prove the girl's identity, help her to get her fortune, and take your own comfortable little slice of it as her guardian."

"How do I know that you have the information you pretend?"

"I won't ask you for a cent until you have full proof."

"And if I refuse to buy this precious secret, what then?" asked the Demon Doctor, gazing sternly into the other's face. "By your own admission, my daughter will secure her name and fortune whether I pay you anything or not, because you will sell the secret to her uncle if you do not close a bargain with me. Are you not afraid of my kicking you out of the house, for daring to come here with a proposition that I should become my daughter's legal guardian, for the sake of securing part of her fortune?"

"Don't get mad, professor," protested Barney. "It won't help things any, and I am not afraid of you. Now, what is your answer to me—yes or no?"

Before the Demon Doctor could reply, the door was thrown open and Lucette stood in the entry, while her clear, ringing voice uttered the single word, "Yes!"

Barney Driver grinned triumphantly. "Lucette," said her father, warningly.

"Father, I have heard all. How can you suppose that I would ever leave you? As for the money, why would it not belong to you as much as to me? Pay this man what he demands, if you must, but never listen to any proposition that might separate me from you—the only friend I have on earth."

She threw her arms around the neck of the Demon Doctor, and kissed him affectionately.

"Well, when will you bring me these proofs?" he asked, turning toward Barney.

"To-morrow night. Is it a bargain?"

"No!" shouted a voice, as the window was thrown open, and Frank Trenton sprang into the room.

With a yell of rage, Barney Driver half-sprung from his chair, as if to rush upon the pale-faced boy, who stood breathlessly, but defiantly, just inside the window.

He made only one step, and then—stopped!

He seemed to be rooted to the carpet, while his face, working with baffled rage, expressed the evil emotions of his mind. Some mysterious power was keeping him in check, and he was evidently as helpless as a child.

It was a weird picture. The darkened room, with the shaded rays of the lamp falling over the table; the tall, stately form of the Demon Doctor, as he stood watching the writhing, impotent rascal, Barney; the beautiful young girl, in an attitude half of surprise, half of terror; and the slight, delicate boy, Frank Trenton, standing with dilated nostrils and flashing eyes, like the incarnation of retribution, ready to brave even death in the carrying out of a sacred purpose.

"You must remember that in my own house I am absolutely king, Barney Driver," said the Demon Doctor. "I will release you on condition that you sit down again."

Barney nodded slightly in assent. He evidently was powerless to make more than a mere shadow of a movement.

The Demon Doctor, as far as could be seen, did not do anything. Yet he, in some manner known only to himself, released the baffled ruffian from the subtle electrical influence that had held him prisoner, and motioned him to his chair.

"Now, Barney Driver, I have a word to say to you," said Frank Trenton. "It is my turn to dictate terms to you. We are not in the middle of the river now, alone in a boat. I am not afraid of you murdering me, and I charge you with being concerned in the robbery of the Eighth National Bank of Albany, New York, and, moreover, with being an escaped convict from Sing Sing Prison."

The Demon Doctor and Lucette looked in astonishment at the boy. Who was this mere child, who seemed to know the criminal secrets of the whole country by heart?

Barney Driver sat in his chair looking fixedly at Frank Trenton, evidently trying to hold down his rage. At last he burst forth:

"You lie!"

"I speak the truth," returned the boy, quietly.

"You know I do."

Barney Driver tried to laugh derisively, but the attempt was a failure.

"Listen," said the boy, as he stepped to the side of Barney, while the Demon Doctor kept a watchful eye on the latter, ready to thwart any treacherous movement. "You have recognized me as—"

Barney Driver looked up quickly, with a horrified glance that seemed to see in the face of the boy something that he had not observed before. Then he stammered, as if in a dream:

"Deadhold, the Kid Detective!"

The next minute there was a crash of glass, as, at a single bound, Barney sprang through the window, carrying the sash with him.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### MIKE CARROLL'S FRIENDLY VISIT.

"Be jabbers, now, Mr. Sunclair, it's as dark in these ould toonnels as the t'roat uv a black cat. Bad 'cess to it! Why did me mother's son iver coom on sich an expedition. It bees no place for a dacent mon, onyhow. You can just bet the boots off uv yez that it's niver Moike Carroll as'll be prowling around here ag'in unless very pertickler bisness drags him in out of the daylight beyant."

"Don't grumble so, Mike. We are getting along all right. It won't take us long to get through, and if we find what we are looking for it will be well worth all the trouble it costs us."

The speaker was Lawrence Sinclair, who, with Carroll, was groping through a passage in the great worked-out coal mines that honeycomb Mount Washington.

The two men had a purpose in view as will appear in due time.

It was the night which, as we have seen, was such an awful one for Barney Driver and Frank Trenton—or "Deadhold," as Barney had called him.

The "Kid Detective" had given his friend Sinclair a hint concerning Barney which had led to the exploration of the mysterious mines through which, with the good-natured little Irishman, he was now making his way.

"I tell you, Mike," went on Lawrence, "we shall catch Mr. Barney this time, and hold him up to the world in his true light, or I am very badly out in my calculations."

"An' sure that's a thing yez niver are, Mr. Sunclair, as I've often towld yez. An' be the same token, I guess you're roight about us soon coming across the spalpeen we're a-lookin' for, because—Whist! Phat's that?"

Mike had started and grasped Sinclair's arm, dropping his lantern, as he pointed into the gloom that stretched ahead of them into the unknown.

"What is it, Mike? I can't see anything except darkness."

"You can't?"

"No."

"Then you're loocky; for, be the ghost of me grandmither, I saw a loight, sort o' streaky loike, kim across the blackness beyant that wuz as red as a hot steel rail, wid the foire sticking out uv it."

"Pooh! Your imagination runs away with you, Mike. We are all alone in this part of the mine. The gang never come out this way. Pick up your lantern and come along. We are not near the place yet."

Mike obeyed, but he shook his head doubtfully as he lighted the wick of his lantern from that of his companion.

"Oh! Howly Moses! There it is ag'in!"

He dropped the lantern with a muffled shriek as with trembling finger he directed Sinclair's attention to the appearance that had frightened him so much before.

There was no mistake about it now.

A lurid reflection that brought into angry relief the rugged, seamed, splintered masses of slate from which the soft bituminous coal had long since been taken. It made the ruinous scene one of fantastic shapes and dancing shadows. It gave an atmosphere of supernatural warmth and life to the desolation and decay which generally reigned in this dismal underground region. It cast flickering points of glowing fire on every side. It seemed to place a Presence in the echoing passages that was not of this world.

Lawrence stood, irresolute, for a moment, as he tried to account for the strange appearance.

He and Mike Carroll had entered the mine about half-way up the face of the cliff at a small aperture that was hidden by a pile of scrap-iron, accumulated for years from the great iron mill at the foot of the precipice, and he knew that the secret rendezvous of the band of outlaws for which he was looking, and in which he more than expected to find Barney Driver, must be at least a quarter of a mile distant through the winding passages.

"Come along, Mike. We'll soon find out who is playing tricks on us," he said, at last, as he dashed toward the light, closely followed by his companion.

Even as he spoke, the mine became densely black, as before.

"Sure the ould Jack-o'-Lantern has put a stoong-wisher on the head uv him," said Mike. "But I'm fearin' that there's throuble forninst us, and—"

Crash, came a heavy body against him, and the Irishman's observations were cut short by his being sent spinning several yards over the rough stones that formed the flooring of the passage.

At the same instant Lawrence Sinclair's lantern was knocked from his hand, and everything was in utter darkness.

The young man stretched his hands and grasped at the blackness at random.

"Who is this?" demanded Sinclair, sternly, as he felt some unknown person in his clutch.

A smothered oath was the only reply, as the stranger tore himself away and plunged into the thick opaque gloom that overhung all.

"Och, Mr. Sunclair, I'm kilt intirely. The murderin' villain hasn't left a perfect bone in me hull

body, so he hasn't," wailed Mike. "Sure, be St. Patrick, there seems to be a million uv jagged shstones a-rinnin' intil the back uv me."

"Never mind, Mike; you shall get even with him yet," said Lawrence Sinclair, as he relighted his lantern, and lifted the disgruntled Irishman to his feet. "We must see this thing through, now. I suppose it was one of the gang, who didn't want us to recognize him. It is only one more proof that their meeting-place is somewhere in the mines. And I'll find it to-night," he added, with sudden fierceness, "if it means death to me. Come along."

"Yes, that's all roight; but, me fri'nd, it's only roight that I should inform yez that I ain't ready to pass in me chicks at this prisint moment, if you are," grumbled Mike Carroll.

"Hush! What's that ahead?"

"Where?"

"Just behind that column of slate, right in the light of my lantern."

"It looks loike a—"

"A man?"

"No! The saints purtect us! A devil!" stammered Mike, his superstitious fears completely overcoming him.

"Pshaw! It was a colored man, that's all. He has gone, too. There are more holes and burrows in this hill than in a rabbit warren. Follow me!"

Without another word, Lawrence Sinclair dashed forward to the spot on which the stranger had stood a moment before, but—was he gone.

A low, narrow passage turned sharply to the right.

Lawrence Sinclair unhesitatingly entered it, with Mike close on his heels.

Twenty yards brought them to the end. It was evidently only an abandoned "room," as the spaces in which the diggers work are called in mining parlance.

"I towld yez he wuz a devil. He kim in here, so he did, an' now he's gone as clean as a whistle—wint roight through the thick wall, be the powers! Say, Mr. Sunclair!"

"Well?"

"I'm a-goin' home," said Mike Carroll, solemnly. "I towld yez I'd help yez put your hond on the gang in this unchristian place, an' I'd like to kape me wurd, but I'll be choked if I want to fight fellers as jump through walls an' wears horns an' a tail on them."

"Well, all right, Mike. Go home. I'll see it through by myself, if you're afraid."

This last word stuck in Mike Carroll's throat and dispelled all his apprehensions as if by magic.

"Afraid, is it, Mr. Sunclair? And did yez iver know of an Irishman that was afraid? I'll go wid yez, be-gorra, if it's to Halifax or Jericho. I'm wid yez, Mr. Sunclair, an' here's me hond on it."

Lawrence shook hands heartily with his impulsive companion, and then proceeded to reconnoiter the "room" from which the negro had so strangely disappeared.

"There don't seem any possibility of his having gone out, and yet, since he isn't here, after most certainly coming in, he must have escaped somehow," said Lawrence.

"No doubt about it," added Mike, with sententious gravity.

"Here, we start with that boy, Trenton, to run down a gang of thieves in the mines, that he seems to know all about, somehow, though I cannot imagine how he found it out. Then he suddenly leaves us to keep another appointment, but promises to join us here. Now, where is he? I hope he hasn't got into any trouble. He is such a weak little fellow, in spite of his smartness, that I would hardly like to trust him in a hard crowd."

"Ye wouldn't, eh? Faith, an' I don't see why ye should be a-worritin' about him, ayther. He didn't back down much at the mill to-day, when that big omadhaun of a Barney Driver was goin' for me wid a hammer. I owe him wan for that, too, be the boye. Be jabbers, the b'ye saved the loife uv me that toime!"

"Yes, he is a bright boy, but there is a mystery about him that I should like to solve. Of one thing I am convinced. He has come to this part of the country for something more than to merely get a living," returned Lawrence, while carefully examining every inch of the walls, floor and ceiling of the "room."

Suddenly he uttered an exclamation of triumph as he held his lantern high over his head and fixed his eyes upon a certain spot in the uneven wall of slate and rock before him.

"Look, Mike!"

"Phwat?"

"There is the secret of the colored man's escape."

"Phwere?"

"Do you see that crack running along the wall about a foot from the top?"

"Yis."

"And do you see two other cracks, up and down, about a yard apart?"

"Faith, an' I do."

"That's a door," said Lawrence Sinclair, quietly but confidently.

"A dure?"

"Yes, sir."

"An' how d'ye know? Sure yez wuz never here before, wuz ye?" asked Mike, wonderingly.

"Never. But I feel sure that I am right notwithstanding. However, we can soon test it."

The young man jumped on the loose masses of slate that had crumbled from the wall, and placing his feet in fissures and holes that formed a natural ladder, reached the crack near the roof that he had pronounced a door.

Mike Carroll and he reached the crack at the same instant, for there was plenty of foothold, and the



Irishman's love of adventure would not allow him to remain in the background now that he did not suspect any supernatural agency at work.

"Be jabbers! I hear some one shpaking," said Mike, in an excited whisper.

"Hush! We must not be caught just now. That colored man thinks we have lost track of him, evidently, and if we don't interfere with him I presume he won't disturb us. All we want now is to locate and identify the gang. If we do that we shall have gained the object of our night's work."

While speaking, Lawrence Sinclair was cautiously pulling at the mass of slate immediately below the horizontal crack. He judged, and rightly, that it would swing open like a door.

He soon made an aperture large enough to enable him to peer through into the space on the other side.

A glare of light dazzled his eyes and drew forth a stifled exclamation from Mike.

Sinclair stretched his hand warningly toward his companion, but Mike was too excited to notice it and only climbed a little higher, to get a better view of the scene before him.

It was a "room" similar to the one in which they stood, but was as comfortably furnished as many an apartment in a good boarding-house. Two cot-beds, several chairs and a large pine table were lighted up by an immense flame that issued from an ordinary gas pipe planted in the ground.

There were four occupants of the room.

One was a burly colored man—doubtless the individual that had brushed past Sinclair and Mike so unceremoniously. The others were a young man of perhaps twenty years of age, who, with his soft felt hat pulled over his eyes, had the unmistakable air of a "tough," and Barney Driver.

There was still another person present, the sight of whom had caused Lawrence Sinclair and Mike Carroll so much astonishment—a beautiful, refined young girl, none other than the *Demon Doctor's* daughter, Lucette.

"Phwat does that mean, Mr. Sinclair?" whispered Mike, as he raised himself a little more and leaned forward until half his body hung through the opening.

"Come back, Mike; they will see you," warned Lawrence, softly, as he gave Mike Carroll a pull.

The pull was intended to draw the Irishman out of danger, but it failed in its object. Mike involuntarily resisted, and leaned forward still further.

It was a fatal movement.

There was the sound of falling rubbish; a grinding, crashing, rumbling noise, and Lawrence Sinclair dropped back and rolled into the center of the empty "room," under a heap of broken slate and dust, while Mike pitched the other way, and landed with a tremendous bump and a characteristic exclamation, squarely in the middle of the pine table, among Barney Driver and his companions.

## CHAPTER V.

### A RESCUE STOPPED.

BARNEY DRIVER, the colored man, and the young "tough"—who, by the way, rejoiced in the cognomen of "Curly Bob"—started forward as Mike Carroll made his unceremonious *d-but*, but as the Irishman sat perfectly unconcerned on the table, looking good-humoredly into the face of each man in turn, they all stopped and stared at the intruder with an expression of blank astonishment on their respective faces.

"Where did you come from?" said Barney Driver, at last, with a scowl.

"Phere did I kim from?" repeated Mike, who wanted to gain time to collect his thoughts. "Sure, it's meself that kin hardly tell yez. I jist dropped in as it were."

The frown on Barney Driver's brow grew black as he looked into the little Irishman's careless, smiling face.

"Get off that table," he commanded, sternly.

"Sart'ly. I beg the leddy's parding," returned Mike, pulling off his hat respectfully.

"Never mind the lady. I'll take care of her. You do as I tell you," was Barney's gruff response.

"Don't I always do as ye tell me—at the mill?"

"Yes, and you'll do it here, too, if you know what is good for yourself."

"Faix, and if I know what's good for meself, I think I'd be better off av I wasn't in this place, at all, at all."

"Shut up."

"I'm shut."

Mike sprung from the table, and dexterously contrived to alight at the side of Lucette.

A light, soft touch on his hand would have told him that she was in trouble, even had she not whispered, almost inaudibly, a single word:

"Help!"

"Get over to the other side of the room," said the harsh voice of Barney Driver, and Mike Carroll was hurried across the apartment by the powerful arm of the speaker so suddenly as to almost take away his breath.

"Sure an' ain't I on the ither side?" said Mike, with a grin, adding to himself: "But I'll get that gurrul out o' this in spite of yer teeth, Mister Barney the Blacksheep. Mark me wurruds."

He dropped upon the pile of slate that had fallen with him from the hole above, drew a short black pipe from his pocket, and after due preparation commenced to smoke.

"Curly Bob" and the colored man looked curiously from the Irishman to Barney, as if expecting orders to take some action.

The latter did not make any sign, however, and Mike was left unmolested.

Barney Driver was evidently the ruler in this un-

derground kingdom. He was playing a desperate game; but then he was a desperate man, and he did not hesitate in the course he had marked out for himself. He would rather that Mike Carroll had not found him in a character—an outlaw—entirely different to that of the mill-worker, in which he had been accustomed to seeing him. But since he could not help it, he was prepared to face it out with the dogged courage peculiar to wild beasts and men without principle.

"Oscar!" he cried, suddenly.

"Sah!" returned the negro, as he stepped toward Barney.

The latter whispered something in Oscar's ear, and with a nod of intelligence the negro walked to the door, which, Mike noticed, was of solid, heavy beams and scantling, strengthened with bands and rivets of iron.

"Bob," said Barney, shortly.

Curly Bob, without a word followed the negro, and they both disappeared through the doorway, Barney carefully replacing the ponderous bar and two iron bolts that secured it from the inside.

It was noticeable that Barney Driver never removed his eyes from the face of Lucette while fastening the door. He evidently expected that she would, if possible, enlist Mike Carroll in her service and he was determined to prevent it.

As for Mike he sat on his heap of slate, smoking as peacefully as if he was enjoying his noon hour rest at the mill.

Barney Driver seated himself on the table and grinned triumphantly at Lucette.

"What are you going to do with me?" asked the girl, at last, as Barney showed no intention of speaking.

"Sit down," was the gruff response.

Lucette obeyed, mechanically dropping into a chair that stood just behind her.

"I ain't going to do anything with you," continued Barney. "You don't suppose I go around killing women, do you? It was a lucky chance that I got hold of you, and I'm going to take advantage of it, of course. That's business. I can strike a better bargain, with old Lightning Rod, the Demon Doctor, as they call him, while I keep you out of sight d'ye see?"

"Villain!" gasped Lucette.

"Now, see here, young lady," said Barney Driver, savagely. "I don't want any talk of that kind from you. I wouldn't take it from a man, and I'm sure won't have it from a girl."

"Thru for yez, Barney. You're a brave b'ye, Faix an' ye are. I believe yez c'u'd lick the gurrul wi' one hand, so I do," broke in Mike Carroll, who pushed down the tobacco in the bowl of his pipe with his little finger, and quietly resumed his smoking.

Barney Driver jumped from the table, seized a chair and hurled it with all his force at Mike.

The little Irishman expected some such demonstration; so he dodged the chair with a quick movement of his head.

At the same instant Lucette reached the door, and with almost superhuman strength, threw down the bar, shot back the bolts, and rushed into the corridor.

"Come back, or I'll kill you," yelled Barney, as he followed her a few steps.

Then he stopped, and with a chuckle and shrug of his shoulders, returned to the room.

"Hyar she is, boss. I thought she was gwine too fast, or I done 'suaded her to come back," said the voice of Oscar, as he appeared, holding Lucette firmly by the hand.

"Slipped up that time, eh?" said Barney, mockingly, as, the negro having again gone, the door was barred and bolted as before.

For five minutes no one spoke.

Mike Carroll smoked on undisturbed; Lucette sunk back in her chair in a sad reverie, and Barney, the Blacksheep, with knitted brows leaned against the wall, looking alternately at his two prisoners.

Suddenly there was a noise over the head of Mike Carroll, who, it will be remembered, was sitting immediately beneath the opening through which he had made his entry to the room.

Barney Driver looked up, and leveled a pistol at the spot with an oath.

Ere he could pull the trigger, Mike Carroll, quick as a flash, had picked up a piece of slate, and, with accurate aim, thrown it at the weapon.

There was a report, the sound of falling slate and dust, and Lawrence Sinclair bounded into the room from the opening, and flew at the throat of Barney the Blacksheep.

The onslaught was so sudden that the burly ruffian went down as if he had been hit by a cannon ball, with Lawrence Sinclair clutching his throat with a death-like grasp.

"Hurroo!" yelled Mike Carroll. "Choke the murtherin' villain, Mister Sinclair. Jist hould him till I git one paste at him."

Lucette started from her chair in affright, and glanced toward the door.

The combatants, however, were rolling over each other immediately in front of it, completely shutting off escape in that direction.

Barney Driver tried to speak, but the clutch of Lawrence Sinclair on his throat was tightening, and he could not utter any sound save a muffled groan.

Lucette had seen that some one sprung into the room, but the movement had been so sudden that she had not seen his features.

Now, as the two rolled over in a desperate struggle for the mastery, she saw the young man's face in the full glare of the gas-light that was still flaring from the pipe, and clasping her hands in a paroxysm of hope and fear, cried:

"Lawrence!"

The young man heard the word, and, excited as he was, a glow of pleasure overspread his pale face, and he gave Barney Driver's throat an extra squeeze that made that gentleman's eyeballs bulge still more.

Mike Carroll heard it, too, and he screwed up two eyes with a knowing look as he muttered:

"Well, here's more in it. That must be Mr. Sinclair's gurrul, from the moighty familiar way she handles the name uv him."

The Irishman was dancing around the two men battling on the ground, as he sought an opportunity to help his friend by planting a decisive blow on Barney Driver's anatomy.

So far, however, he had not been able to distinguish one from the other in the dust and excitement.

Barney the Blacksheep was now growing perceptibly weaker. Though a much more powerful man than Lawrence Sinclair, the latter had gained such an advantage by clutching his throat at the first attack that it was evident the young man would eventually be the victor.

One more tightening of his clasp and it was evident to Lawrence that the assailant was helpless for the time being.

"So, Barney Driver, I think we have stopped your career for a few years," said Lawrence as he released his hold and arose to his feet.

"Miss Le Fevre!" he exclaimed, as he met the eye of Lucette, "what strange chance brings you to this place at this hour?"

"Oh, Law—Mr. Sinclair, take me home; take me home. I hardly know what has happened this night. But rest assured that my father and I will never be able to sufficiently repay you for your assistance."

"The accidental speaking of his Christian name by this fair young girl had sent a thrill of pleasure through the young man. It bade him hope that the warm feeling he had long hardly dared to indulge for the daughter of Professor Le Fevre was not perhaps so presumptuous, after all.

But this was no time for talking love.

The best way to prove it would be to help her out of this den, so unsuited to her delicate tastes and refined appearance.

"Mike, give me that rope in the corner. I must arrange Mr. Driver so that he will keep quiet for a few hours. We'll take Miss Le Fevre home first. Then we can come back and decide what to do next."

"Thru for yez, Mr. Sunclair."

"It is evident that we have found the headquarters of the gang that young Frank Trenton was talking about."

"Sure!"

"And when we find him we can consult about Barney. The boy has something against him that we do not know of yet."

"All roight, Mr. Sunclair. Here's the rope. I'll tie that murdering villain meself. Begorra, he lugs as if he w'u'd wake up in a minute."

Perhaps Mike Carroll never had a job that he enjoyed more than fastening his tyrant with the stout rope he had found in the corner. He knotted and twisted and pulled, and looped the rope around Barney Driver's limbs until the prostrate bully was utterly powerless even when he had recovered from the severe throttling administered by Lawrence Sinclair.

He finished the job by bestowing a hearty kick on Barney the Blacksheep.

"Take that, bad 'cess to yez, for what I owe yez."

Barney scowled malevolently.

"Phwat, ye'll luk crooked at me, will yez?" said Mike, with mock indignation. "Be the powers I'll give yez anither wan!"

Mike was as good as his word.

He rattled his heavy boot against Barney's back with such earnest good will that Lawrence felt constrained to interfere.

"Wait a minute, Mike. There is no reason to kick the man to death. There is enough against him, according to the boy, Trenton, to send him to the Penitentiary for ten years, but we have no right to kill him beforehand."

"I know; but he's sich a blaggard that I'd loike to settle with him meself."

"Well, don't do it. Just stay here and keep watch until I come back. I am going to take Miss Le Fevre home. Her father will be almost out of his mind."

"No, father does not even know I am out of the house, or I am sure he would have found me before this," sobbed Lucette.

"Indeed?" said Lawrence in astonishment.

He was about to ask the young girl for an explanation, but realizing that in her distress she was in no mood for talking, he said nothing about it.

"Here, Mike," he said, picking up the revolver that had been knocked from the hand of Barney the Blacksheep. "Take this pistol, and, if necessary to defend your life, use it, but not otherwise."

"All right, Mr. Sunclair. I don't take much shtock in goons, but I'll blow the top off the head av that naggur av he comes foolin' around here again, so I will."

"Don't forget that they hang people for committing murder, Mike, that's all," said Lawrence warningly, as he took down the bar of the door.

"Faith, then, they ought to hang Barney Droiver, for he's nearly kilt me lots av toimes," grumbled Mike.

"Drop that gun!" suddenly commanded a voice over Mike's head, and the Irishman let his pistol fall to the ground mechanically.

Lawrence Sinclair turned around quickly, but only to confront the muzzle of a revolver within a yard of his face held by the colored man, Oscar, who had



leaped down to the table from the hole in the wall while Curly Bob, who had also dropped to the floor, covered Mike Carroll with a murderous-looking six-shooter.

## CHAPTER VI.

## DEADHOLD'S LUCKY SHOT.

WHEN Barney the Blacksheep dashed through the window of the Demon Doctor's parlor, the three occupants of the room—the Doctor, Lucette and Frank Trenton—all moved involuntarily forward.

Then Frank Trenton said, quietly:

"Never mind, professor. Let him go. We can easily catch him when we want him."

"You seem to know his haunts," said the Demon Doctor.

"I do."

"Are you known as Deadhold, or was that only a fancy name invented by him?"

The boy laughed.

"The New York thieves who know me pretty well have given me that sobriquet. I think I can say, without egotism, that they have reason to know whether I deserve it or not. They have a tradition that when I once get a clew on a man he has to go where I want him."

"And yet you are not very—"

"Strong?"

"Yes, that is what I was going to remark," said the Demon Doctor, rather hesitatingly.

"Exactly. I am not very strong—physically. But we don't catch thieves by main strength nowadays."

"I beg your pardon. My remark was foolish, and I, who have always contended that the intellect is the only true standard of human greatness, should have known better than to utter it," said the Demon Doctor.

"Barney Driver has made a bad mistake for himself in making that \$12,000 proposition," said Frank Trenton, changing the subject.

"Why?"

"Because he has revealed something to me that I never knew before, though I suspected it."

"What is it?"

"Only that he did a job in New York that I have been trying to trace for over a year."

"What sort of a job?"

"Burglary. That is Barney Driver's regular branch of the profession. He says he has a certain paper. I believe he has. The paper was stolen, with others from a certain house in New York City."

"Ah!"

"As well as a large sum of money."

"Yes."

"So of course putting the two things together, and considering Mr. Driver's character, if he has that paper he must have stolen it."

"Of course—of course," said the Demon Doctor, excitedly. "It's as plain as daylight."

"It is—quite."

"Well, why in the name of all that's unexplainable, did you not let me stop him just now? I could have done it, with a simple pressure of my foot on the carpet. I have protected my house thoroughly with electric burglar traps, and if the appliances had not all been out of order that night the jewels were stolen, the thieves would have had one of the greatest surprises of their lives, instead of getting away successfully with the diamonds."

"I didn't stop him because I didn't want him to slip away from us when once we have him. I want to catch him—red-handed; or, in other words, I mean to take him in the secret cave where I am convinced that he has hidden his plunder."

"You talk as if you were sure of catching him. How do you know that he won't slip away now altogether? He would be foolish to go to a place where he has reason to suppose you can coolly follow him."

"Thieves, as a rule, are foolish, or rather they think that they are smarter than their pursuers. If it were not for that peculiar trait, we should have more trouble in hunting them down than we do."

"What is your plan?"

"Well, Doctor, my plan is—"

"One minute," interrupted the Demon Doctor. "Lucette, my dear, you had better go to bed. Mr. Trenton and I may have to talk for some time, and it is already past your regular hour for retiring."

The girl obediently walked to the door, after kissing her father and bowing to Frank Trenton, and disappeared.

She stood in the hall that ran through the house from front to back, and then, actuated by a sudden impulse, stepped to the door that opened on the space outside the window to which we have already referred, and allowed the cool breeze to sweep across her forehead.

Hardly had she time to note the intense blackness of the night, relieved only by the glare that broke from the shattered window of her father's room, when a hand was placed over her mouth and a hoarse voice whispered:

"Silence, for your life!"

Lucette struggled wildly and would have shrieked for help, but the cold muzzle of a pistol was placed against her cheek, and she suffered herself to be dragged unresistingly away.

As her captor pulled her across the yard, the light from the window fell full upon his features, and she saw that he was, as she had suspected, none other than Barney the Blacksheep.

"What do you want with me?" she asked, in a low tone, for the threatening pistol was pointed directly at her head.

"Never mind," said Barney Driver, savagely. "I want you, and that's enough."

"But this is monstrous, to be taken prisoner on my father's very doorstep. I will not go!"

Lucette made a desperate effort to free herself, as she saw her father standing just inside the broken window looking earnestly down at Frank Trenton, who was talking rapidly.

"You won't go?" said Barney, with brutal irony.

"We'll see!"

"Fath—"

Ere the syllable was formed the coarse hand of Barney the Blacksheep was over her mouth again, as he muttered:

"Keep quiet, will you? or, by Heavens, I'll kill you!"

"Kill me, then," returned Lucette, inarticulately, as her captor's palm was pressed tighter over her lips.

Barney held the pistol close to her forehead, and for a second or two seemed disposed to carry his threat into execution.

At this moment Frank Trenton, in the room, arose and walked to the window.

"Deadhold! Curse him!" muttered Barney Driver, under his breath.

The boy stood at the side of the Demon Doctor, and the two were in full view of Barney and Lucette, while the two last named, having moved out of the shaft of light, were hidden entirely from the occupants of the room.

"Now, see here!" hissed Barney Driver in Lucette's ear. "I'm going to make you come along with me, and you may as well come quietly. If you don't make any fuss, I give you my word that I won't hurt you."

"Your word!" exclaimed Lucette, contemptuously.

"Yes, my word! It is all you have to rely upon at present, so you may as well take it," retorted Barney, with a sarcastic grin.

"Coward!"

"Save words of that sort until you are out of my power, unless you want me to make you suffer for them."

"Wretch, I defy you! Fath—"

Again Barney Driver's heavy hand stopped the word by pressing so hard upon the young girl's lips as nearly to cut them through with her teeth.

A sudden thought seemed to strike Barney, and he scowled ominously as he nodded his head with satisfaction over the idea.

"Listen to me," he growled.

"I must listen. You have me in your power."

"Yes, I have, and I mean to keep you there for a short time."

"A very brave performance for a man, to take a helpless girl prisoner!" said Lucette, scornfully.

Barney winced.

"Speak again," he said, "or refuse to come quietly with me, and I swear I'll shoot—not you, but—your father."

Lucette recoiled in horror.

"Ha! You don't like that? I thought you wouldn't. But I'll do it, as sure as my name is Barney Driver, if I have any more trouble with you."

"You dare not!"

"Daren't I? You don't know me!"

These last words were gritted out between his clinched teeth, and Lucette saw deadly resolution in his eye.

"I'll—I'll go!" she gasped.

"Of course you will," chuckled Barney. "I knew you would."

Lucette cast a last despairing glance at her father, standing in the lighted room, behind the broken sash, and though one shriek would have caused him to light up the whole yard by a simple touch of an electric button, and probably accomplish her rescue, she durst not utter a sound.

Too well she knew that the maddened wretch dragging her away would send a bullet crashing through his brain at the first outcry from her lips, and she therefore suffered herself to be borne into the dark entry to the deserted mine, without another word of protest, rather than expose her beloved father to a deadly risk.

The next instant she was being led rapidly through the winding passages of the mine, feeling at every step as if she were leaving all hope further and further behind.

How she was brought to the secret rendezvous of Barney Driver's gang, and what befell her there, we already know.

"So you think the best way will be for you and I to go through the mine to-night, eh? You can find the place, you say?" the Demon Doctor was saying, at the very minute that Barney Driver was telling Lucette he would shoot her father if she did not obey his orders.

"Yes; that is my idea."

"But are you armed?"

For answer Frank Trenton drew forth from a leather pocketbook his credentials as a detective in connection with the New York Police Department, together with an official recognition from the Pittsburgh Chief of Police.

"I never carry deadly weapons," he remarked, quietly.

"And yet you have made many important captures?"

"Yes."

"Of determined, unscrupulous criminals?"

"Yes."

"Of men who would not hesitate to cut your throat, or shoot you through the head if it would enable them to escape?"

"Yes."

"Frank Trenton, you are a mystery," said the Demon Doctor, drawing a long breath.

"So they tell me in New York."

"Well, I will take weapons with me, and I think

you had better put this six-shooter in your pocket, in case of accidents."

The boy objected strenuously to thus departing from his rule, but finally, to satisfy his friend, the Demon Doctor, took the revolver and placed it in his coat-pocket, ready to his hand.

"Where is your own pistol?" asked the boy.

"I am well armed, never fear," was the reply.

"Let us start!"

The Demon Doctor placed a heavy shutter against the inside of his broken window. Then he went to a small cabinet in a corner, unlocked it, and moved certain shining brass knobs within.

Frank Trenton was following the movements of his companion curiously.

"I am setting my watch-dog," explained the Demon Doctor. "He is always vigilant, and cannot be poisoned or shot. Some people call these devices electric burglar-traps. I prefer simply to think of them as something intelligent, so I call them my watch-dog."

"What's his name?"

"Old Electricity, of course."

The Demon Doctor smiled grimly at the conceit, and Frank Trenton gave utterance to a careless, boyish laugh, more in keeping with his youthful appearance than with the weighty business that he was in the habit of transacting in his daily life.

The two soon stood in the yard outside the house, where the tremendous stature of the Demon Doctor towered high in the gloom above the slight figure of the boy, making the latter look by comparison well worthy of his nickname, "The Kid Detective."

But small and weak as the boy appeared to be, he took the lead in the expedition, the Demon Doctor following his guidance unquestioningly.

"You have never been very far into the mine this way, have you?" asked Frank.

"To the end of it," was the reply. "It only runs back a hundred yards or so."

Frank Trenton smiled.

"I see you don't know as much about it as I do," he said, "though I haven't lived here for years, as you have. See?"

The two had walked a short distance into the black hole, which, however, was brilliantly lighted by an electric lamp carried by the Demon Doctor on his bosom—the same light, by the way, that had so terrified Barney Driver the night before.

"Now, I'll show you something," continued the boy, as, kicking aside some slate and dust in a corner, he exposed a small trap-door, with a sunken iron ring.

The trap was easily lifted, and the boy rapidly descended by means of a rude ladder, closely followed by the Demon Doctor.

Hardly had they time to see that they stood in a long passage, some eight feet in height, when a burly negro suddenly sprang from behind a wooden support and made a lunge at Frank Trenton with a murderous-looking knife.

Quick as a flash the boy drew his revolver and fired, the bullet striking the knife and sending it spinning from his assailant's hand.

"Doctor, I am glad I carried a pistol for once in my life," said the boy, coolly, as the negro slipped around a corner and disappeared among the tortuous windings of the mine.

## CHAPTER VII.

## IN AN AWKWARD PREDICAMENT.

"WELL, be jabbers, we are caught loike rats in a thrap, sure," was Mike Carroll's exclamation, as he put his hands in his pockets and looked in comical dismay from one to the other.

"Take this rope off me!" growled Barney Driver to Oscar.

"All right, boss. But who's gwine to watch my man while I'm doing it?" responded Oscar, nodding toward Lawrence Sinclair, who was evidently ready to take advantage of the first unwary movement on the part of his enemies.

"Haven't you got a knife, and can't you cut this rope without taking your eyes off him?" asked Barney, impatiently.

"Thru' for yez," broke in Mike Carroll. "Cut his ropes! Bedad! he must be as stiff as a dead goose. I'll lend yez a knife if yez haven't wan. Just take that gun away from the head av me, young man, an' I'll take his ropes aff av him in a brace of shakes."

"Shut your mouth!" commanded Barney.

"There's ingratitude for yez," responded the irrepressible Irishman. "Sure, I—"

The colored man gave Mike a push that threw him over upon the heap of slate and rubbish, where he contentedly remained, with Curly Bob standing over him, pistol in hand.

Two or three rapid movements of the negro's knife, and Barney the Blacksheep was on his feet, with his bonds lying by his side.

His first act was to step over to Mike Carroll and bestow upon him a hearty kick.

"Ow! Ow! Phwat did yez do that for, Barney? Sure you're always shpitting yer shpaite on the bones av me, widout any r'ason," grumbled Mike.

Barney did not condescend to answer.

He pushed the table from the center of the room, and, removing a piece of dilapidated rag-carpet, revealed a square, wooden trap-door, with a sunken ring, almost a counterpart of that found by the Demon Doctor and Frank Trenton in another part of the mine.

Barney was about to raise the trap, but paused as he glanced upward at the hole in the wall which had afforded ingress to most of the occupants of the room, and to which repeated reference has been made.



"Why don't that door shut?" he asked, angrily, of Oscar.

"Faith, I'll shet it for yez," interrupted Mike. "Anything to be agreeable."

Barney Driver gave the Irishman a savage look, but did not say anything, while Oscar, handing his revolver to Barney, climbed up to the opening, and with a dexterous movement closed the door, which fastened with a spring.

"Begorra, you've shut aff all the vintilation," observed Mike, "an' the gas gives out h'ate enough to froye eggs."

"I'll fry your head over it, if you don't keep quiet," said Barney Driver savagely, as he pulled up the trap and disclosed a dark hole, up which a current of cool air rushed with force enough to dispel all Mike Carroll's apprehensions concerning lack of ventilation.

"Get down here!" commanded Barney, looking at Lawrence Sinclair, who had stood perfectly still, since the tables had been turned on him, waiting for an opportunity to catch Barney the Blacksheep and his men off their guard.

"What is that place?" he asked, as he tried to peer into the blackness of the pit.

"Never mind. Get in."

"Does that mean murder?"

"Perhaps."

Lawrence Sinclair made a movement as if he would fly at Barney's throat, but the threatening pistol in the hand of Oscar, the negro, held him in check, though the sarcastic grin on the face of Driver goaded him almost to madness.

"Now, see here," he said, as he choked down his resentment with a mighty effort; "what is your object in making me a prisoner? for I suppose that is what you intend."

"What is my object," repeated Barney Driver, with a sneer. "That's pretty good from you. What are you doing here at all? What have you been chasing me through the mines for to-night, and by what right are you in this—this—cellar," hesitating for a suitable word, "for which I pay rent, and which I use only for lawful purposes—to work out an invention that I am anxious to keep from the world until it is properly protected in the Patent Office?"

"Is that what you use this place for?" asked Lawrence, innocently.

"Certainly it is. What else should I be doing here in the middle of the night?"

"Sorra a man o' we knows," put in Mike Carroll. "Stoodyin' Ashstronomy, loikely."

Curly Bob looked threateningly at the Irishman who was not in the least disturbed by it, however.

"You say you are here for a lawful purpose," continued Lawrence Sinclair to Barney the Driver.

"Yes."

"Then what are you doing here with the young lady?" pointing to Lucette, who with an expression of deadly fright on her face, was sitting behind Lawrence, listening intently to the conversation.

Barney Driver stammered as he tried to invent a lie that should suit his purpose. Then he said, boldly,

"The young lady lost her way in the mine, and I brought her here for safety until I can take her back to her father. He and she were examining some peculiar marks in a passage of it near their house, which the Doctor thought was gold. She became separated from him accidentally, I happened to meet her on my way here and brought her with me. She is so excited and frightened that she does not trust me, I am afraid," but I am telling you the truth."

"And now you are holding me a prisoner to further your own wicked ends," broke in the girl, passionately. "Oh, Lawrence, save me!"

She threw herself into the arms of the young man, who pressed her to his bosom passionately.

He felt that he would die for the helpless girl, whose fear of Barney the Blacksheep had impelled her to reveal a secret—the secret that she loved the young man—which could never have been dragged through the wall of her maidenly reserve by any less exigent circumstances.

"Quit that," said Barney, peremptorily, as he stepped forward, and seized Lucette by the arm.

With the strength and fury of a lion Lawrence Sinclair hurled Barney across the room.

He could not bear that the Blacksheep's sacrilegious touch should rest even for a second on the innocent young girl who had unwittingly confessed that she looked to her lover more than to any one else in the world for her future happiness.

The attack took Barney Driver completely by surprise.

He reeled against Oscar, who in turn fell over Mike Carroll.

"Bad 'cess to yez, Lawrence. What are ye doompin' all your roobish over me for," said Mike as, with a quick movement he tried to wrench the negro's revolver from his hand.

Oscar resisted, and in doing so knocked Barney Driver backward, so that he slipped partly down the hole from which he had removed the trap-door, one of his legs being suspended in the opening, while the other was doubled under him on the floor of the room.

With a bound, Lawrence Sinclair was kneeling on the chest of the prostrate Barney.

"Mike," he cried, "help me, and I'll push him down here. Quick!"

"Begorra, how kin I, with this murderin' naygur standing over me carcass wid a goon. I'd break the jaw off uv him, if it warn't for that!"

Curly Bob, who had at first been too much astonished to do anything but stare, now recovered himself and darted to Barney Driver's assistance.

Seizing Lawrence by the collar, he pulled him back and threw him flat on the floor.

Before he could recover himself, Curly Bob had helped Barney to his feet, and Lawrence Sinclair was on his back, with Barney's knee on his chest and Barney's clutch on his throat.

For one moment the ruffian seemed determined to kill Sinclair by choking him to death. Then he changed his mind.

He arose, and beckoning to Curly Bob, the two suddenly rolled the young man over and over, and threw him head-first down the trap into the darkness below.

To Lawrence's surprise he was not much hurt by the fall.

So much of the soft shale and dust had accumulated under the hole, that though he dropped on the top of his head he felt hardly any shock, and beyond a slight twisting of the neck, did not suffer any inconvenience from what might have been, under other circumstances, a fatal plunge.

He quickly gained his feet, and looking upward, at the square patch of light outlined by the trap, saw that he had fallen about seven feet.

There was no possible way of reaching the opening from where he stood, and he tried to pierce the gloom on every side for some avenue of escape.

"Och! Be gob, now, ye're no gintlemo, let me tell yez, Muster Barney, to have a naygur bustlin' me around widout sayin' as much as by your l'ave," said Mike Carroll's voice, in comical indignation, as the opening was darkened by the form of the little Irishman, who, with a foot planted firmly on each side of the hole, resisted the efforts of Oscar to throw him down to join Lawrence Sinclair.

"Quit fooling with him, Oscar," said Barney Driver, surlily. "Pitch him in headlong if he won't jump down."

"Foolin', d'ye be callin', it, eh? Be gob! I'd have yez to know that I don't allow no naygurs to fool wid me, so I don't."

"Get down, with you!" said Barney, savagely, at the same time kicking Mike's right foot from beneath him.

"Faith an' I will," said the Irishman, as he involuntarily obeyed the command by tumbling in a heap by the side of Lawrence on the pile of rubbish.

"Well, I guess you're down now," said Barney.

"Indade an' I am. Good avenin', Barney. Tell the b'yes at the Star Mill that I'll have to lay off the day. I'm goin' to a picnic wid me fri'nd, Mr. Sunclair, and be the same token—"

Crash fell the trap-door, and Mike Carroll and Lawrence Sinclair found themselves in an Egyptian-like darkness.

"This is a pretty fix we're in," said Lawrence, as he clinched his fists in impotent rage, "and to think of Lu—Miss Le Fevre—being in the power of that villain. Oh! I shall go out of my mind, I believe," he added, in agony.

"A murderin' villin, so he is," said Mike, "but I don't belave as he'll harrum the young leddy. It's a koinde of a blackmailin' scheme, Mr. Sunclair—that's phwat it is, an' be jabers, we'll eucher him at that, an' don't yez forgit it."

The good-natured little Irishman felt in the darkness until he found his companion's hands. Then he shook it with such a hearty clasp that Lawrence Sinclair felt comforted by it, in spite of himself.

"Mike, you are a good fellow."

"Thank ye, Muster Sunclair, for the good character yez be givin' me, but I'm too fond of a thaste of the whisky to be very good, an' it's meself as knows it."

"Listen," said Lawrence. "What are they doing up there?"

"Sorra a wan uv me knows. What d'ye think they be at?"

"I thought I heard them taking that bar down from the door. It makes a peculiar noise when it is moved. I noticed that when I was up there," returned Lawrence.

"That shows what a mighty foine thing eddication is. Sure you noticed all them things because you have book-larnin', an', be gob, I belave you're right."

Mike Carroll listened intently. Then he burst forth:

"Yis, sure enough. They're all goin' to git out. There, listen to that, will yez?" as the sound of a slamming door reached the prisoners in their dark prison.

"What do you make of that, Mike?"

"Phwat do I make of it?"

"Yes."

"Phwyz, just this. I belave they're goin' to take that young leddy away to some safe place, phwere they can keep her out of soight, d'ye moind, and where people ain't as loikely to find her, as they would be in the moines, and that they'll leave us to find our way out the best way we can. There's my vardict, gintlemen of the jury. An' yez can make the most uv it."

Mike evidently considered that he had distinguished himself by a flow of oratory, and he waited for Lawrence to speak before he said anything more.

The young man remained silent for at least half a minute. Then he quietly asked Mike if he had a match in his pocket.

"Dunno. I'll go through the clothes uv me an' tell yez."

Mike fumbled in his pockets, talking in his characteristic way all the time.

Another loud crash was heard in the room above, and then there was the scuffling of feet, as of somebody moving about on the trap-door.

"Howly Moses, phat's goin' on? That must be some wan else coomin'."

"Hush!" said Lawrence, listening intently. "I

can hear the voices of two people. One is deep and the other is soft. It's— By heavens! The Demon Doctor and the boy. Frank Trenton!"

"You're roight!" said Mike, excitedly, as he, too, tried to catch the words of the unseen persons above them. "Hallo! Hallo! Whoop!" he yelled at the top of his voice.

The people in the room ceased speaking. They had heard the cries, but could not determine from whence they came.

"Where are you?" sounded Frank Trenton's voice in the distance.

"Here! Here!" returned Lawrence Sinclair.

"Father! Father! Help!"

It was Lucette's voice, and it came apparently from some portion of the mine on the same level as Sinclair and the Irishman.

Lawrence Sinclair started and fell against Mike in his excitement.

"Phwat ar' yez goin' to do?"

"I don't know. But I must get out of this place somehow. Haven't you got a match?"

"Sorra a wan."

"Father! Father!"

"It is her voice! Where can she be?" cried Lawrence, excitedly. "And I as helpless as a baby!"

"Father! Father!" for the third time.

"My child!" said the Demon Doctor.

Again the sound of the bar and bolts, a few hasty steps, and all was silent above the young man and his companion.

"Heaven help them to find her!" said Lawrence Sinclair, fervently, "even if we never get out of this fearful hole alive."

"But, be gob! we wull git out alive, Mr. Sinclair," said Mike. "So yez can make up your moind to that, avourneent!"

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A TERRIBLE CHARGE.

THE morning after the eventful night, that had witnessed the abduction of Lucette and the imprisonment of Lawrence Sinclair, broke light, sunny and mild.

Though the month of December was nearly a week old, there had not yet been any severe weather, and people were still wearing light clothing and standing on street corners, as is the custom of Pittsburghers whenever the temperature permits.

The three beautiful rivers that environ the city, were rippling like silver and gold in the sunlight, while in the trees that fringe the Ohio just below the gloomy mills and warehouses, a few birds that had overstaid their time from the South, were twittering their surprise at the lingering of autumn into the last month of the year.

Lucette Le Fevre heard the birds when she awoke from a fevered sleep and tried to think where she was.

The light streamed in through a small window barred with iron, and curtained with a square of muslin close to her head, while the rippling of water just outside, indicated that she was near the river.

She was lying on a small cot-bed on a sort of shelf against the wooden wall, and one comprehensive glance around her convinced the girl that she was in a boat, in a small cabin.

Besides the cot, or bunk, in which she lay, the only furniture was a small table against the opposite wall, a dilapidated chair, and a low wooden stool. A few theatrical lithographs were tacked on the walls, and were the only attempts at decoration to be seen.

The boat was quite still, unless, indeed, it was moving very, very smoothly.

For a few moments the girl struggled hard to remember how she had been brought to this place, that, though basking in the broad sunshine, was too evidently as much her prison as the gloomy underground chamber in the heart of Mount Washington.

It was useless to try and think.

Her recollection carried her back only to the moment when she was led through the doorway from the secret room of the mine, with Barney Driver's powerful hand on her arm, and the colored man and Curly Bob, each carrying a small bull's-eye lantern, following.

She had a hazy idea that she cried for her father to assist her, and she almost fancied that she had heard his voice answering. This she dismissed, however, as nothing more than a hallucination induced by the excitement through which she had passed.

Lucette stepped to the window, drew aside the curtain and looked out.

The river lay before her, with steamers and barges passing and repassing, while across on the other bank the city of Allegheny stretched in regular blocks of buildings and terraced hills.

The craft in which she was confined was a shanty-boat—one of those half-cabin, half-ferry-boats that are stretched along the shores of the south side from one end of the city to the other.

The lawless character of most of their occupants are well-known, and an occasional raid upon them by the police, resulting in the arrest of several and the rebuking of others, is the only thing that makes their existence tolerated at all.

Lucette had heard enough of these shanty-boats to know that it was possible to use them as prisons from which there was little hope of escape.

There was a small, narrow door, at one end of the diminutive cabin, sloping, as doors so often do on a ship or boat, to accommodate itself to the "run" of the craft.

The girl turned the wooden knob and tried to open the door.

To her surprise, it yielded, and she passed through the doorway into another room, larger than that in which she had slept, and which was in darkness



save for the light that streamed through the doorway from her own room.

"Well, what do you want?" asked the gruff voice of Barney Driver.

Lucette started and moved a step toward the cabin she had just left.

Then she looked back and saw a man lying on a rude bench, whom even in the semi-darkness she recognized as Barney Driver.

"Now, don't commence to ask me why I am keeping you here, and what I intend to do with you, because you won't get any answer that will satisfy you, and it will only make me mad," said Barney the Blacksheep, as he sat up on his bench and glared at Lucette.

"Don't talk to her like that, Barney, dear. You frighten the child," said a timid voice, and Lucette involuntarily looked toward the corner from which it proceeded.

Her eyes had become somewhat accustomed to the gloom, and she managed to discern a moving something that might have been a big dog, for anything she could tell.

"Shut up!" was Barney's reply to the timid voice. "When I want your advice I will ask for it. Open the shutter and get some breakfast. I've got work to do to-night."

The something in the corner came forth, and Lucette saw that it was a woman in a ragged calico dress.

The woman opened a wooden shutter at a window over Barney Driver's head, and let in a flood of light.

As she paused for an instant in front of the window, with the sun full in her face, the woman stood revealed as a pale, delicate girl, not much older than Lucette herself.

"Now, then, hurry up there," growled Barney, "and get breakfast, or I'll find a way to make you."

The girl heaved a sigh that went straight to Lucette's sympathetic heart.

Sadly she went about her work, kindling a fire in a queer little stove, with scraps of wood that had evidently drifted down the river, and preparing coffee for the meal for her lord.

For this poor young girl, with the pale, wan face and the ragged calico dress, was the devoted wife of Barney the Blacksheep.

The man eyed her sulkily but keenly, as she moved about the little cabin, and once, when she went close to Lucette, as if to speak to her, he hurled one of his heavy hob-nailed shoes, that he wore in the mill, full in her face.

She put up her hand quickly and caught it on her wrist, a great red lump, that would soon turn black, rising angrily on her slender arm.

Lucette's eyes flashed fire as she saw the brutal act, but the young wife, with a gesture that indicated that she was used to such performances, only said, quietly:

"There was no need for that, Barney. I was not going to do any harm."

"I don't know about that," was the reply. "I don't trust you very much. Just keep away from that girl for the present. I shall want you to talk to her presently, perhaps, but not now."

Lucette had gone into her own cabin and shut the door. She felt as if she could not bear the loathsome presence of the uncouth fellow who had so strangely become her jailer.

She sat down on the broken chair and tried to look her situation in the face.

She understood thoroughly what purpose Barney Driver had in making her prisoner. The secret he had, or pretended to have, he was determined to sell to her father, and he intended to consummate the bargain by making her liberty part of the consideration for the money he hoped to extort from him.

That he should never accomplish his purpose she was determined. She would escape from his clutches somehow, and he should pay the penalty of his misdeeds according to the provisions of the law.

"Come in and have some breakfast," said Barney Driver's gruff voice outside the door.

She knew that she would need all her strength, and therefore accepted the invitation, distasteful as it was. Bread and butter, eggs and coffee constituted the meal.

Barney Driver ate his portion in silence, but keeping a wary eye on his wife and Lucette all the while, and scowling savagely at the former occasionally, apparently from simple force of habit.

As soon as she had satisfied her hunger, Lucette returned to her room.

She stood at the barred window, revolving plans of escape, but without arriving at any definite conclusion.

Even if it were possible to get through the window she would only drop into the river. She did not know how deep it might be, though she knew the shanty-boat was, like all its neighbors, moored close to the wharf.

She took out her watch, which she had fortunately wound up the night before, and to her surprise saw that it was twelve o'clock.

All the morning had passed while she had been asleep.

She sat still for some time, paying no attention to the movements of the two persons in the next room, when she was startled by a soft knock at the door, and the voice of Barney Driver's young wife, asking if she might come in.

Lucette, for answer, threw open the door.

"I hope you won't blame me," said the poor creature. "I can't help it. Barney does not consult me about his business. He brought you here last night, and told me I was to take care of you, and not to let you get out, but to make you as comfortable as I could."

"The wretch!" said Lucette, indignantly. Then, when she saw the look of pain on the face of her companion, she was sorry that she had permitted her feelings to gain the better of her.

He was this poor woman's husband, after all. "Has he gone out?" asked Lucette.

"Yes. He says he has business to attend to, and he will not be home till late. I don't know what business he can have, when he is not at work at the mill, and he has not been there to-day."

"What is your name?" asked Lucette, suddenly.

"Clara."

"A pretty name! Clara, will you help me?"

"In what way? Don't ask me to let you go. Barney would kill me."

"That's what I was going to ask you. But, never mind. I won't say any more about it. But—could you not deliver a message for me?"

The woman hesitated.

"It would not take you very long," suggested Lucette. "It is only to go to my father and tell him that I am safe. He lives on Mount Washington."

"And have him bring the police down on Barney? Oh, no. I know Barney is not good to me, but I couldn't get him into trouble, so don't ask me. I have taken a fancy to you, and I'll do my best to keep you from harm; but I can't do anything to hurt Barney."

"Very well, Clara," said Lucette, resignedly. "I suppose, if I am a prisoner, I can have the privilege of being by myself?"

Clara looked hurt at this very strong hint, but retired without a word, shutting the door behind her.

Lucette felt sorry for the girl, but did not regret the fact that she had gone away.

Some means of escape must be devised promptly, and Lucette realized that she could not expect any assistance from the wife of Barney Driver, badly as he evidently treated her.

She shook the bars of the window, but they were immovable. She could never get out that way.

She thought of the door; but it led only into the outer room, where Barney's wife, Clara, was making the place as tidy as she could.

Suddenly a thought struck her from which her gentle nature recoiled instinctively.

"No, I could not do that," she murmured. "And yet, perhaps it is my only chance."

She walked up and down, thinking—thinking.

Then she tossed her head with an air of resolve. She had the means of escape in her pocket, and the time had arrived when she must use it.

She had always taken a deep interest in the studies of her father, and had learned from him the uses and effects of many potent drugs, as well as many of the possibilities of electricity.

She drew from her pocket a small bottle, filled with a colorless liquid.

"Yes, here it is. A strange chance that I should have slipped it in my pocket yesterday. I will use it, and I hope it will enable me to get out of this terrible predicament."

"Clara," she called.

"Yes," said the young wife, as she opened the door and came in.

"Will you give me a glass of water?"

"Certainly," said Clara, apparently pleased to be asked for anything.

In another minute she had filled a glass from a pail of water and handed it to Lucette.

The latter sipped it, and then, unseen by Clara, poured the contents of the little bottle into the glass.

"Clara, do you think this water is good?" she said, holding out the glass.

"Yes, I think so."

"Taste it."

"Certainly."

Clara took a draught of the water, and Lucette, who had anticipated the effect, caught the girl in her arms as she staggered forward unconscious.

"It seems terrible," murmured Lucette, "but it was my only course. Poor girl! She will awake in about an hour as well as ever, I know, but still I feel almost like a murderess."

She laid Clara on the cot-bed and then hastily sought a means of exit.

Ah, here was the door, but of stout wood and carefully bolted and locked.

The bolts she easily slid back, but the large lock still opposed her.

Where was the key?

She did not stop to ask herself the question more than once, but going into the other room, searched through the clothing of the inanimate Clara, who lay like a corpse on the small cot-bed.

She soon found the great brass key, and returned with it triumphantly to the outer door.

Delicate as she was, Lucette could be brave and determined when thrown upon her own resources.

The brass key turned with difficulty, but she managed to move it, and the next instant the door swung open and she stood on a small deck or platform outside the cabin.

A gang-plank stretched from the deck to a coal barge, and from thence another plank led to the muddy shore.

Lucette put her foot on the first plank with an elated feeling, as she thought how soon she would be home, perhaps without her father being even aware of her absence, when she felt the plank shake, and looking up saw that a man with a big beard and an air of good-natured determination was coming toward her.

"Stay there," he commanded. "I want to go through that boat of yours."

"Mine—it is not mine," said Lucette, hardly knowing what she was saying.

"That's all right," said the man, with a knowing

smile. "Of course it isn't yours. I know you shanty-boat people. You can't fool me. Let me get past you. There is some property somewhere that I want to find, and I am going through this place of yours first thing."

He pushed past Lucette into the inner room.

Almost before the girl realized her situation the man came out again, fastened a pair of handcuffs on her wrists, and exclaimed:

"I am a detective, and I arrest you on a charge of murder!"

"Murder?" shrieked Lucette, and she fell at his feet, insensible.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE CASHIER'S UNLOOKED-FOR FRIEND.

WHEN Barney Driver left his shanty-boat home, after eating his breakfast and giving his wife strict orders to guard the prisoner vigilantly until his return, he crossed the river by way of the two bridges that span the head-waters of the Ohio.

As he crossed he continually looked back suspiciously at the boat, as if to watch that his orders were not disobeyed by the feeble young girl who, a short year ago, had joined her fate to his, and never resented the brutal treatment that was her portion every day.

He walked through several streets in Allegheny City until he reached the tracks of the Fort Wayne Railroad.

He had changed his dress somewhat, and now wore a fur cap, with a peak; a short sack coat, with capacious pockets inside and out; while on his feet were light, well-made shoes, in which he would be able to run easily, if necessary.

He walked slowly along the track, but as one with a purpose in view. He did not hurry, because the place he was going to was near enough for him to reach before dark, had he desired it.

But he did not desire it. Night was the time during which he must accomplish the business of which he had spoken vaguely to his wife, and he could walk leisurely along, as he was doing, and still have several hours to spare when he reached his destination.

He glanced carelessly at the Ohio running merrily along by his side, and noted that the waters of La Belle Riviere were pretty high.

Occasionally his gaze wandered to the verdure-crowned rocks on the other side of the track, and he wondered which way he would run if he found himself suddenly beset by the police—his natural enemies for years past.

More often, however, he did not think of anything save the job he had in hand, and the scheme he was trying to bring to a successful issue with the Demon Doctor.

"Let me get through this night's work safely and sell that secret to old Le Fevre," he thought, "and I'll quit crooked business for good. I'm getting tired of being hunted down by the cops all the time, and I should like to lead a quiet life if I had enough money to keep the pot boiling. I shall have enough, too, if my plans work all right this time."

Barney Driver was like most wrongdoers, always making up his mind to reform after he had committed one more sin.

He walked slowly down the track of the Fort Wayne road until, when it was quite dark, the roar of the water at Davis Island Dam fell upon his ear.

"Here we are," he muttered, "several hours ahead of time. I wonder if those fellows are there yet."

He plodded on until at last he stood on the edge of the lock—the largest in the world—at Davis Island Dam.

The water was rushing over the wickets, looking in the moonlight like dancing silver. Everything else about the place was as silent as the grave.

"The moon will be down in about two hours. Oscar and Curly wouldn't be likely to show themselves in this light. I'll wait."

He walked back, crossed the railroad track, and ascended the winding road, overshadowed by immense hemlocks and oaks, that led to the small, but aristocratic borough of Bellevue, on the heights.

"I may as well look around," he thought, "and see that everything is all right. Besides, there is the dog to be fixed."

The road, which on one side was bounded by a sloping bank, thickly overgrown with blackberry bushes and prickly shrubbery, while the other was a deep chasm, with a railing to protect the wooden sidewalk, led up to a small bridge across the gorge, that gave access to the grounds of the stately mansion.

"Ah! there's the place," said Barney. "And a mighty nice place it is. It is almost a pleasure to be going to work a high-toned house like this. It is too good for the cashier of a bank, seems to me. But I'll relieve him of a little of the bank's hard-earned wealth to-night if I have luck, and perhaps he won't feel quite so big after it."

He crossed the wooden bridge and walked through the park that surrounded the little eminence upon which stood the house.

He reached a small glade surrounded by large-spreading maple trees, and paused for breath.

A large white bulldog came bounding through the trees, with its white teeth glistening dangerously in the moonlight.

Without uttering a sound, it sprang savagely at Barney Driver.

A quick movement enabled Barney to avoid the attack, and then—a strange thing happened. The man waved his hand two or three times as the dog crouched in readiness to spring again, and the ani-



mal remained stiffened in the attitude he had assumed, entirely ceasing belligerent demonstrations.

"Poor fellow!" said Barney, soothingly. "Poor fellow! You don't want to jump on me, after all, do you?"

The dog wagged his tail feebly, while his eyes followed Barney Driver's every movement.

The latter chuckled softly, as he took a paper bag from his pocket and opened it.

"You bet. I haven't owned a hundred dogs in my life without knowing how to cool them off," he muttered. "That little wave of the hand, with something in it that dogs can never resist, has saved me from a mangling more than once."

He took from the paper a piece of meat and gave it to the dog, who devoured it greedily.

"Good, old fellow, eh?" said Barney, as he coolly turned away and walked toward the house.

He knew that there was enough poison in the meat to kill the animal within a few minutes, and he did not care to stay and watch his dying agonies.

"I never could bear to see animals suffer, anyhow," he said to himself. "I'd rather see a man poisoned, any day; but I'm obliged to do this in the way of business."

"Yes, they look very comfortable in there," he said, ten minutes later, as he stood on the lawn looking through a window into the library of the man he intended to rob.

It was a large, handsomely-furnished room, with a book-case on one side of the room, and a bright fire throwing a cheerful glow over the rich upholstered chairs and sofas scattered carelessly around.

In a large easy-chair, in front of the fire, sat an elderly, gentlemanly-looking man, while at his feet two kittens gambled on the hearth-rug.

Barney Driver noted all this at the first glance.

But something else engaged his attention more particularly—something that was the goal of the expedition in which he was about to risk his life perhaps.

It was an iron vault, built into the wall, and secured with a time-lock as well as by an ordinary safe letter-lock.

The blind at the window had been pulled down, but there was a gap at the side through which Barney had a full view of the room and its contents.

The moon had gone down, and it was quite dark on the lawn outside the house.

Even if there should be any one else in the grounds they would not be likely to see Barney Driver, as he stood close in the shadow of the building.

The gentleman inside sat at the table in his easy-chair, intent on his papers, which he was reading and from which he occasionally made entries in a large strongly bound account book.

He was evidently making up, in the privacy of his own home, for time lost in the day, or else was compelled to work after hours to keep even with his regular task.

He was one of the largest stockholders in the bank, being practically its owner, as well as cashier, and could therefore arrange his hours of work, to a large extent, to suit himself.

Utterly unconscious of the lurking desperado, outside the window, the gentleman leisurely turned over his papers and noted figures in the big book.

The room was a picture of quiet comfort.

"Now that vault has got to be fixed somehow before the old man goes to bed. If he sets that time-lock himself, it will be a deuce of a job to get it open, because he will put it for eight or nine o'clock in the morning, sure, and I want to get into it not later than one," muttered Barney. "If I had known there was a time-lock on it I would have had it attended to before."

He knitted his brows as he tried to decide in what way he should overcome this obstacle in the way of the robbery he contemplated.

"The old man probably opens that door at the same time every morning. These bank fellows always work on a system, like clocks. I know them."

Barney stopped to chuckle, as if he had treated himself to a rather neat joke.

"I know them like a book. I have had dealings with banks before."

He chuckled again. The joke was really very rich.

Then he resumed his observations of the interior of the room and tried to think out a plan for the accomplishment of his intentions.

"I must get at that time-lock, and quickly, too, or the old rooster will close the door and I shall have several hours' dangerous work to get it open."

The vault door was partly open, though from where he stood, Barney could not see inside.

The door of the room, leading as he knew, into the hall, was within two feet of the vault.

"If I could open that door a few inches, I believe I could slip through and into the vault without the old fellow seeing me," muttered Barney.

He saw that the cashier, as he sat in his easy-chair, intent upon his papers, had his back toward the vault.

If the room door could be opened silently, how easy it would be to slip into the vault and turn the hands of the time-lock so that the door would swing open at midnight instead of eight o'clock in the morning!

"I'll try it," said Barney, desperately, "and if the worst comes, why—"

He did not finish the sentence, but drew from a sheath hidden under his coat, a long, gleaming knife, and touched its sharp point significantly.

He replaced the knife, and taking from an inside pocket a pair of light rubber overshoes, quickly put them on over the shoes he wore.

"Now, I am ready; and, Mr. Bank Cashier, look out for me, because I am coming."

He tried the window softly.

"By Jupiter! The window is unfastened. That's funny. I could slide in this way if I didn't think the other was the safest."

He stole around the house, carefully making not a rustle among the light shrubbery that arose in clumps in a ghostly fashion here and there.

A flight of stone steps led up to the main door of the mansion, while a veranda extended along the whole front.

To run lightly up the steps and stand on the veranda was the work of a moment.

The room in which sat the owner was in the corner of the mansion, and had another window looking on the veranda. This window, however, was closely shuttered.

"If I'd been him, I'd have fastened the other window, too. But of course he knows his own business," chuckled Barney Driver, as he tried the front door and found it fastened with lock and bolts.

He looked carefully up and down the veranda and as far into the grounds as he could.

Nothing was to be seen save the tall trees standing sentinel-like here and there and the shrubbery and grass nestling at his feet around the house.

"It must be about eleven o'clock," he thought, "and I suppose Curly and Oscar are waiting for me with the boat. If I don't hurry this job will slip through, sure. I've got to fix the vault, then get back to tell Curly, and then come back here with him and work the vault for that money, unless the old fellow should have left it where I can pick it up easily."

He produced from one of his capacious pockets three or four skeleton keys on a small iron ring, and examined them, as he pursued his reflections:

"A hundred thousand dollars, eh? That, with my other stuff, will fix me for life. In that iron box in the small safe in the right-hand corner at the back of the vault. 'Um!'"

He selected one of the skeleton keys and placed it in the lock. One wrench, and the lock was overcome.

"So far, so good. Now for the bolts."

He pocketed the skeleton keys and drew out a steel instrument, which he applied to the bolt through the crack of the door.

A dextrous movement and the big door was open.

He stepped swiftly inside, closed the door and dropped on his knees behind the hat-rack while he made up his mind as to his next proceeding.

"No fear of that money being left out. It will be in the iron box, in its regular place. But that won't trouble me much if I can get the time-lock in good shape," he said to himself. "Well, every thing seems quiet here. I guess it's safe to go ahead."

He crawled out from his hiding-place and turned out the oil lamp that threw a feeble glimmer over the hall.

Then he walked on tip-toe to the door of the room in which the cashier sat, wholly unconscious of danger.

The servants had all gone to bed, in another part of the house, and the old gentleman was just finishing up some complicated accounts before he, too, retired for the night.

With practiced hand, Barney Driver noiselessly turned the handle of the door.

The old gentleman calmly worked on. Barney pushed the door open a little way and looked through the chink into the room.

Still wider went the door, and Barney Driver was inside the room.

Still the cashier, bending over his papers, was utterly unaware that he was not alone, save for the kittens sleeping at his feet.

Another moment and Barney was in the vault. He looked around searchingly for the iron box in which was deposited the large sum that he knew was in the house, but it was not to be seen. It was safely locked in the strong small safe let into the stonework of the vault, in the corner.

"Now for the time-lock!"

The small clock-dial, by which the lock of the vault was so regulated that the door would swing open at the exact time marked, faced Barney on the inside of the heavy door.

The hands pointed to ten minutes past eight. At that hour in the morning the door would open of itself after being closed by its spring-lock the night before. At least the lock would fly back, though the door could not actually open until the regular safe letter-lock combination had been turned by some one knowing the set of letters to be applied.

"Ten minutes past eight," muttered Barney. "A little too late to suit me. I'll just take the liberty of putting your clock back, Mr. Cashier."

He moved the hands until the clock-face showed half-past twelve.

"There, that's all right. The old man will never look at the clock. He knows it's set at ten minutes past eight, and he'll just shut the door as usual, when he goes to bed."

Thus thinking, Barney Driver prepared to make his exit.

Softly he stole from behind the door of the vault. The cashier was sitting back in his chair, looking dreamily at the fire. He had finished his work for the night, and was enjoying a few minutes of quiet before retiring.

Barney Driver nodded his head with satisfaction as he stepped across the space between the two doors.

His foot caught in a rug and he fell forward against the door of the room with a loud crash.

The cashier started to his feet, and seizing a heavy

glass paper-weight, hurled it with all his force at Barney Driver's head.

The latter ducked, and the paper-weight struck the door.

The next instant, Barney had the old man by the throat and was holding him down on the hearth-rug, while he felt in his pocket for a small piece of wood, with two pieces of string attached, with which he intended to gag his victim.

Barney Driver did not believe in murder, except as a last resort.

"Say a word and I'll bury my knife in your heart," he hissed in the cashier's ear.

The old gentleman struggled violently, but Barney Driver's strength was much more than a match for his own, and he was giving himself up, when a flash of intensely powerful light made the lamp in the room look dim by comparison, and Barney was pulled from the prostrate form of the cashier and hurled with resistless force to the other side of the room.

Barney gave a howl of dismay and horror as he saw the *Demon Doctor* stop to assist the cashier to his feet, and then, without stopping to wonder how this mysterious being had arrived so opportunely, the would-be burglar dashed from the house at the top of his speed.

## CHAPTER X.

### A CLIMB AND A SLIP.

We must now return to Lawrence Sinclair and Mike Carroll, whom we left in the dark hole under the room in the mine in which Barney Driver had imprisoned Lucette.

"Be gobl Mr. Sinclair. We are all alone here, an' be the powers, it's darker than purgatory. Haven't ye got a match?"

"Not one, Mike. We must get out of here without a light, if we get out at all."

"Without a loight. Yis, an' widout a loife, too, I'm a-thinkin', unless we git out in a gentlemanly way pretty soon. Sure ye'll not be a sbtayin' in here longer than ye kin help, I should think, wid yer swateheart in throuble, a-askin' for yez, wull yez, Mr. Sinclair?"

Lawrence clutched his hands as he thought of Lucette in the power of Barney Driver, and replied:

"No, Mike. By heavens! we *will* get out of this, and quickly, too. We must find some means to reach that trap."

"It's pretty hoigh," said Mike.

"It is pretty high," acquiesced Lawrence Sinclair.

"Ow!" grunted Mike, as he tumbled over a heap of rubbish and grazed his nose on a piece of broken slate.

"What's the trouble, Mike?"

"Och, nothin'. Sure a mon must expect to fall over himself in a murtherin' place loike this," grumbled Mike.

"Say, Mike."

"Well?"

"I have it."

"You have? Then I wish yez 'u'd give it to me."

"I have hit on a way to get at that trap."

"What is it?" grunted Mike, who was cautiously feeling the sore spot on his nose, and was not disposed to be very enthusiastic upon any other subject.

"Come here."

"Faith, how can I kim to yez, whin I can't see where ye be?"

In spite of his professed inability to find his companion, Mike managed to step up to him guided by his voice.

Lawrence seized his hand.

"Look up, Mike. You see those chinks over our heads where the light shines through. That's the trap."

"Well, I know it."

"Now, if I lift you on my shoulders, don't you think you could reach it?"

Mike Carroll slapped his thigh in his admiration of Lawrence Sinclair's idea.

"Be gobl, Mr. Sinclair, you've shtruck it. Av coorse I kin r'ache it from the shoulders uv yez. Let me climb up."

Lawrence helped the little Irishman, who was as active as a cat, to his shoulders.

"Steady, Mike. Can you reach it, kneeling?"

"Divil a r'ache! I'll have to shtand on yer shoulders. Shtand shtill, an' I'll soon be up."

Lawrence braced himself firmly, and Mike Carroll, who never thought of danger, when thoroughly interested in anything, stood up with a foot on each of Lawrence Sinclair's shoulders, and reached for the trap.

"Be jabers, I've got it, Mr. Sinclair. Shtand firrum while I push up the thrap."

He exerted all his strength, for the trap was a very heavy one, and pushed.

"Steady, Mike. It's hard to keep you balanced when you push that way. Is the trap giving?"

"Faith, an' it is," puffed Mike, "but it goes almighty shtiff!"

He gave another push with all his strength and the trap went up about six inches, letting a flood of light into the subterranean dungeon in which they were.

"Hurroo!" cried Mike, as forgetting where he stood, he attempted to perform a war-dance of triumph on Lawrence Sinclair's shoulders.

The result may be imagined. Lawrence put up his hands quickly to try and prevent the inevitable catastrophe, but in vain. Mike pawed wildly at the air as the trap fell with a crash, and then came tumbling headlong from his companion's shoulders.

"Ow! Howly Moses! Merciful saints! St. Pathrick save us! Ow! ow! ow!"



"Where are you?" asked Lawrence, as he felt around for his prostrate companion.

There was a great noise on the ground, a little distance away, like a quantity of rubbish dropping down a well, and Mike's voice, still uttering wails of anguish, became muffled.

"Ow, Mr. Sinclair, be keerful. Sure, I'm down a pit a million fate dapel!" howled Mike Carroll.

"A pit?"

"Yis; moind yerself, or ye'll be intil it, too. Good-by, Mr. Sinclair; ye'll niver see poor Moik again. I'm kilt, and me corpse is phere the b'yes kin never howld a wake over it. Och, wurroo, wurroo!"

"Don't talk nonsense, Mike. You're worth a dozen corpses yet, and you'll get as good a wake as you could desire when you do die. Where the deuce are you?"

"Sorra a wan o' me knows, except that it's in a moighty damp place that I am."

Lawrence crawled carefully along until he reached the edge of the pit that Mike declared was a million feet deep.

He understood it at once.

It was a shaft sunk from one level to another to save boring through several hundred yards of solid earth from the main shaft.

Like every other part of the worked-out mine it was half full of rubbish, and was, moreover, wet from a spring that had found its way there from above.

"Are you hurt?" asked Lawrence.

"Well, now, be jabers, I don't belave I'm damaged at all, at all, barring the scratch on the ind o' me nose that I got before," returned Mike, "but I'm wet and cowlid, and it's as dark as the mischief down here."

"So it is up here, for that matter," said Lawrence. "Look out, I'm coming down."

"The saints protect yez!" was Mike Carroll's devout adjuration.

The shaft had been braced with cross-pieces of scantling as well as planks against the wall.

On these pieces of scantling, Lawrence easily made his way down the shaft, stepping from one to the other, and clinging to chinks between the boards on the walls.

In a few seconds he stood in a pool of water at the bottom of the shaft, by the side of Mike Carroll.

As soon as he reached the spot, he looked around him in every direction, and started with a thrill of joy as he said:

"See, Mike, we are in a long passage, and, as sure as we are alive, I can see a faint glimmer of light in the distance."

"Well, I ain't quite sure that I am aloive, but I be lave I kin see the loight."

Without another word, the two plodded through the water and rubbish in the direction of the feeble glimmer that was to them indeed a star of hope.

The road was a rough one, but they did not notice that as they moved swiftly along, over heaps of rubbish, scattered boulders, masses of slate, and other obstructions that met them at every step.

"Moighty strange thing that light don't git any bigger," said Mike. "We are nearly up to it, an' it looks just as shmall as it did at first."

"It is strange," said Lawrence, as his heart beat faster with an apprehension that perhaps, after all, the opening through which the blessed daylight shone might not be large enough for them to get through.

He increased his pace to a run closely followed by Mike.

The light still glimmered feebly.

Half a dozen yards, and the two stood by an opening big enough to get through, certainly, but that did not lead into the open air.

"We have only found our way to another prison," said Lawrence Sinclair, despondently.

"Don't give up the ship, yet, Mr. Sinclair," said Mike, cheerily. "Let's follow this thing to the ind, anyhow."

The Irishman sprung to the opening, and gave a yell of joy.

"Hurroo! Mr. Sinclair! Sure I can see the blessed stars, anyhow!"

"Stars! How is that?" asked Lawrence, as he followed his companion. Then, as he looked up and saw where they were, he said, in despairing tones: "Stars! Yes, certainly; and the top of the earth is as much out of our reach as they are."

"Arrah, now, Mr. Sinclair, I dunno about that. Be gob, I think as we'll be standing on top of the 'arth afore we reach the stars."

"I do not see how, Mike! Here we are at the bottom of a shaft, the sides of which are smooth boards, without a chink big enough for either the hands or feet. If you can tell me how we are going to get out of it, I wish you would do it."

"Don't you see that thing phwat's a-hanging over the head uv yez?"

"Yes. It's the old cage that used to take the miners up and down, years ago, when the mine was being worked. But what's the use of that? It's so old and rusty that it would fall to pieces if it were used. Not that there is any fear of our using it. It is at least twelve feet over our heads. We could never reach it, if we wanted to do so."

"C'u'dn't we? Well, now, whist a minute. I think we kin get bould of that cage, and I think we'll get out of this by it, too, begorra!"

"You're hopeful, Mike; but I'd like to know how you are going to do it," said Lawrence, listlessly, as he sat down on a pile of broken slate, and thought of Lucette's peril, while he was powerless to help her.

It was this thought that unmanned him whenever it occurred to him.

Mike Carroll did not appear to notice his companion's despondency, as he chattered away:

"Now, Mr. Sinclair, I want to call your attention to the fact that there are two cages a-hangin' in this 'ere shaft—wan of 'em a great deal hoigher than the other, d'ye moind?"

Lawrence looked up and nodded assent.

"Very well, then. Yer see, when wan goes up, the other cooms down, 'cause they bees balanced, and they can't both coom down thegither. See?"

Again Lawrence nodded. The little Irishman seemed to be talking just to keep up the spirits of both, and the young man appreciated his efforts.

Mike did not seem to be distressed over the taciturnity of the other. He was too full of the scheme he had in his mind to notice or think much about anything else.

"Well, now, Muster Sinclair, yer see that the iron cage phwat you say is rusty—and ye're roight about that, for it is moighty rusty—hangs on a chain."

"Yes, I believe it does, though I can't see it very plainly," said Lawrence.

"No; the shtars are moighty pritty things a-twinklin' an' a-shparklin' in the skoye beyant, but they don't give as much loight as an electric lamp, for a fact. Well, anyhow, as I was a-sayin', the cage be hangin' to a chain, and, moreover, be the same token, the ither wan above hangs on the ither ind of that same chain."

"But what does all this talk amount to, when you can't reach either of the cages?" asked Lawrence.

"Phwait awhile, an' I'll show yez," said Mike, with a triumphant air of mystery as he went over to the opening by which they had entered the shaft, and picked up a coil of rope, with a stout hook at the end. "There, phwat d'ye say to that?"

Lawrence Sinclair sprung to his feet as if endowed with new life.

"By heavens, Mike! I believe we shall be able to escape, after all. I see your idea exactly."

"Glad f it, Mr. Sinclair. But I want you to explain wan thing that's been a-poozzlin' me iver since I've kin down in this unchristian place."

"What is it?"

"Explain to me how it is I kin see shtars beyant in the daylight. Unless I'm bewitched, I dunno how to account for it, be gob!"

Lawrence Sinclair laughed as he told Mike that it was a fact in natural science with which every miner was familiar. A person at the bottom of a deep hole, such as a mine or a well, can always see the stars in the daylight.

"Begorra, thin, that's a wonderful thing, sure as you're born," said Mike.

"Many things are wonderful in nature when you come to think about them," said Lawrence. "Now about that rope. I suppose we must throw up that hook, try and catch the cage, and pull it down."

"Thru for yez, Mr. Sinclair. Ye shtruck it the first time."

Without wasting any more time in words, Lawrence took the rope, which was about fifteen feet long, and coiled it loosely in his left hand. Then, seizing the hook in his right, he threw it with all his force toward the iron cage suspended above his head.

"Be the Lord, Mr. Sinclair, you've got it the first toime. You've just caught that cage as nate as I c'u'd ha' done it meself."

"Well, help me pull it down, then, Mike," said Lawrence, as he vainly tugged at the rope without stirring the cage or its rusty iron chain.

Mike seized the rope and added his strength to Sinclair's in trying to move the cage.

In vain.

"Well, Mr. Sinclair, I guess we'll have to cloimb," said Mike.

Before Lawrence could answer, the active Irishman had gone up the rope, hand over hand, and was hanging to the cage.

No sooner had he got a firm hold upon it than there was a thunderous whirring sound, a creaking of wheels and a groaning of machinery, and the cage came down with a run.

"Be the powers, did yees iver see anything loike thot, now?" said Mike, with a comical look of surprise. "Begorra, we'll have to cloimb up the chain now, sure."

This was an easy thing for the two powerful, active men. They did not hesitate a moment in grasping the rusty chain, and in less than ten minutes both were near the top.

Lawrence was the first to reach the surface. He climbed up until he came to the large iron "drum" on which the chain was suspended, Mike Carroll being several feet below.

"Shtick your fut out at the side, Mr. Sinclair. Then you can step off," said Mike.

Lawrence followed the suggestion, and reached for the side of the shaft with his right foot.

As he did so, he received a blow on the back of his head that made him release his hold of the rope and pitch down the shaft, while the voice of Oscar, the negro, said, tauntingly:

"Whar was you gwine, anyhow, toss?"

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE STRUGGLE IN THE SKIFF.

WHEN Barney Driver ran from the house of the bank cashier, after seeing the Demon Doctor standing like an avenging spirit in the parlor, he was filled with superstitious fears.

He never slackened his headlong pace until he reached the wooden bridge that spanned the chasm before referred to. When he got there, however, his natural coolness and insolent self-possession returned to his aid.

"Pshaw! That old fellow frightened me, with his confounded electric lamp. I believe he will scare

me to death yet before I make my bargain with him. I wonder if he knew it was me."

He walked slowly down the winding path to the railroad track, thinking deeply.

"Oh, he didn't know me, I'm sure; and if he was to say he did, I would prove an *alibi*. Barney Driver isn't to be caught easily, if he knows himself. The job has gone up for this night, though, unless—"

He put his hand to his long knife mechanically and walked more swiftly down the hill.

"Ah, there are Oscar and Curly. I can just see them down there outside the lock, though it's as dark as a nigger's pocket. The moon has nearly gone out of sight."

He crossed the railroad track, ran down the sloping bank to the water's edge and whistled softly.

An answering whistle came back over the river.

The boat that he had noticed near the dam was shaking in the water that was pouring over the dam with a loud rattle and slam that could be heard for half a mile down the river, notwithstanding that the still back-water below the dam gave no intimation of the turmoil above.

"I wouldn't get so near the dam if I were they," muttered Barney, as he watched the frail craft—the same in which he was first introduced to the reader—bobbing about in the surf. "They will be over the wickets if they ain't careful."

It was evident that the occupants of the boat were either careless or did not appreciate the power of the current made by the fall of the water over the row of wickets stretching across the river, and known as Davis Island Dam.

"Lord! They'll be over the wickets as sure as shooting! What the deuce is the matter with them?"

The men in the boat bent to their oars as the boat swerved around in the strong current at the wickets, and with three or four powerful strokes propelled their craft toward the shore.

"Hurry up, Oscar! Pull hard, Curly! Wind that log, there, Oscar. Back water—back—back, I tell you. Now, pull all! That's it! Steady! Steady!"

Barney Driver thus directing his two men in the boat, watched them as they made their way toward him.

He kept on glancing furtively behind him, for he did not know how soon some one might come from the house he had intended to rob, and though his superstitious fears of the Demon Doctor were allayed, he did not attempt to belittle the power that the electric student possessed by means of the wonderful natural force he had brought under control.

"Never mind about grounding the boat, Oscar," he said as the nose of the craft came within a few feet of him. "I can jump. Move forward, Oscar, and I'll jump into her bows."

The negro, who was sitting with his back to Barney pulled his large slouch hat down over his brows, and obeyed the order silently, while Curly Bob, in the stern rested on his oars and waited for Barney to jump.

Barney seated himself in the stern and his two companions pulled into the middle of the river.

"Now make for the city as quick as you like," said Barney. "The job here is bu'sted and we want to settle things at the crib in the mines and keep shady for a while, I've got a little business to settle with that Demon Doctor, curse him!—and then, Oscar, good-by to this part of the country, eh?"

The negro grunted acquiescence and worked steadily at his oars.

"I'll tell you all about this thing to-night, after awhile, Oscar," continued Barney, graciously; "though you don't seem to be very anxious about it. But perhaps you don't care about a share of \$100,000."

Again Oscar grunted, but as it was too dark to distinguish his face, Barney did not know whether the grunt signified assent or dissent.

"Look out, there! Where are you rowing to? You are taking us straight across instead of down the river. Why, we are nearly onto the wickets," said Barney, as he turned around and tried to pierce the gloom behind him.

Ere he could say another word, Oscar had sprung from his seat, and with a well-directed blow sent Barney Driver sprawling in the bottom of the boat.

Barney, though utterly at a loss to know the meaning of the attack, grappled with his assailant, and exerted his utmost strength to arise.

In vain; the other held him down with a grip of iron, and seemed determined to choke him into insensibility.

"Wha—what's the matter, Oscar? Curly, help me! I believe this black fool's crazy!" yelled Barney, desperately.

"Be gob, an' I think he's sinsible, thin!" said a well-known voice, as Curly Bob leaned over Barney and, thrusting his face close to that of the prostrate ruffian, showed the grinning features of Mike Carroll.

"You villain! Where is that young lady?" demanded the man with the slouch hat, whom Barney had addressed as Oscar, but who he now saw in the faint light of the stars was none other than Lawrence Sinclair.

"Trapped, by Heavens!" growled Barney the Blacksheep, involuntarily.

"Thrapped, be St. Patrick! Yis, that's it, me handsome b'ye. Hould him tight, Mr. Sinclair, an' if he don't tell yez where he has put yer swateheart we'll doomp him in the wather an' let him shwim to perdition."

"I'll make it hot for both of you, yet!" hissed Driver.

"Indade, thin, an' we'll make it cowlid for you if



you don't howld yer whist. Let's doomp him in the river, jist for loock. We can fish him out ag'in, I guess," suggested Mike.

The coolness of this proposition rather startled Barney.

"Do you want to commit murder?" he asked.

"Have you committed murder?" was Lawrence Sinclair's response. "Where is Miss Le Fevre? I swear you shall never get out of this boat alive unless you will promise to take me to her."

Barney Driver laughed sardonically.

"All right. Kill me, if you like, and you'll never find that girl if you hunt for a century. She is where she will have to stay until I tell her to go."

The slight shiver of horror that ran through Lawrence Sinclair's frame told Barney Driver that this was his best card to play. As long as he could make Lawrence Sinclair and the Demon Doctor believe that he had Lucette hidden away in some of the secret recesses of the worked-out mine, he had not much fear of anything from them, either through law or physically.

Just now, however, his taunts did not help him materially with Lawrence Sinclair, for in the midst of his sardonic laugh, the young man's hands closed with a tighter grip on his throat, and he thought his plans would be brought to a premature close then and there.

"Tell me where she is?" repeated Lawrence.

"I won't!" was the sullen answer.

"Then die!" said Lawrence, desperately, as he tried to beat out the brains of his enemy against the bottom of the boat.

So intent was Lawrence in trying to wring the secret from Barney Driver, that he had not noticed the loud roar of the water rushing over the dam, or that the craft was drifting dangerously near the wickets.

Mike Carroll, however, suddenly became aware that the white foam boiling under the boat was caused by the swirl at the dam, and he howled:

"Look, Mr. Sinclair. We're a-goin' over this young Nayagary, an' we'll all be drowned, as sure as we're a-love, so we will. Owl! Owl!"

He seized a pair of the oars and bent all his strength toward keeping the craft away from the fatal spot.

"Will you tell me where you have hidden that young lady?" repeated Lawrence, not heeding the danger from the water.

There was a desperately triumphant gleam in the eyes of Barney Driver.

He knew that the boat was surely being drawn into the current, and that it would go over the dam unless Lawrence Sinclair took a pair of oars and helped his companion, and he was determined to die with them rather than reveal what the young man would have given his life to discover.

"I will not tell you," he hissed, "because I do not choose to let any young squirt dictate to me. I am a desperate man, and I mean what I say!"

"Owl! Be the powers, Mr. Sinclair, we're goin' over the place, unless you help me. Let the blaguard go, and you take an oar and pull," yelled Mike.

"You had better take an oar. We shall be over the dam in another minute, and then it won't matter much about anything. The chances are a hundred to one that we shall all be smashed to pieces among those logs that are tearing about in the foam just below there," said Barney, tauntingly.

"I don't care!" said Lawrence. "I'll take my chance with you!"

The boat swung round and round, and every instant seemed as if it would go over the wickets with the floating rubbish that was being dashed into the seething caldron below.

Mike Carroll worked with all his might at his oars, and so far had kept the craft from the almost certain destruction that appeared to await it.

The stars filled the heavens now, and the two men struggling in the bottom of the dancing skiff could look into each other's eyes.

Each saw there only dogged determination, that nothing but death could quench.

With a mighty effort, Barney Driver pushed his assailing back and arose to his knees.

The boat rocked wildly, and Mike Carroll pulled at his oars for dear life.

The two men struggling in a death-grip cared nothing for the peril that threatened them in the rushing waters and clashing timbers that would grind a man to pieces as easily as if he were a biscuit.

Lawrence still had the advantage of his opponent, who was powerless to arise from his knees.

Every muscle of the men was strained to the utmost.

"Begorra, ye'll be overboard if yez don't shtop yer foolin'!" said Mike. "Knock him into the water and be done with it. Mr. Sinclair."

The little Irishman saw that the boat must go over the dam in another second or two, unless there was a turn of affairs.

"Curse you! Here is an end of you, anyhow," howled Barney Driver, as with a superhuman effort, he gained his feet.

"Owl! We're gone, begorra!" yelled Mike Carroll.

There was a second of intense excitement as Barney Driver and Lawrence Sinclair grasped each other and put forth their utmost strength in the tossing boat, now half full of water.

"Look out! Be gobl! the dam's just forninst us!" cried Mike, as he gave another tug at his oars.

One more effort on the part of the combatants, one more yell from Mike, and the skiff turned over on the very top of the wickets over which the flood was rushing, tumbling and boiling.

Lawrence felt himself strike against something in the water that loosened his hold on his enemy, and

then, he did not know how, he was dragged from the very jaws of death and found himself lying on the bottom of another boat, with Mike by his side, while a pair of powerful arms urged the boat with swift strokes away from the dam.

And Barney Driver, as he went over the fall, amidst a terrible din of rushing torrents and grinding logs, saw, ere he lost consciousness, a tall, white-bearded figure standing up in a spectral-looking boat, with a pale-faced boy at his feet, while a powerful bluish-white light threw a weird reflection over the waste of waters on every side.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE FACE THAT CLARA SAW.

"Just in time, eh, Deadhold!" said the Demon Doctor, calmly, as his powerful strokes took the boat swiftly away from the dam.

"Yes, but I wish I hadn't been too ill and weak to help you," said Frank Trenton, sadly. "I believe I am getting more useless all the time."

"Nonsense! You have been losing so much sleep. It is no wonder that you are ill," said the Demon Doctor, kindly. "We had better go around and look for that fellow. He is just likely to have made the shore in spite of the dam. Men of his stripe are not easily killed."

"I do not think it is worth while," said Frank. "If he is not drowned he has escaped before this. He would never stay around the river-bank now. There are too many on his trail."

The Demon Doctor hesitated. He felt that there had been too much dallying with this desperado. He almost doubted Frank Trenton's wisdom in giving the fellow so much rope, as it were, but the boy had assured him that he had a purpose in it, and the Doctor had therefore allowed Barney to proceed as far as he had, even to entering the house of his friend, Alexander Golden, of which project Frank Trenton, or Deadhold, had full knowledge before, having planned with the Demon Doctor to catch the thief in the very perpetration of his crime.

Now it seemed that, though they had accumulated more proof of Barney Driver's criminal character, they were going to lose him after all by either death or escape.

"Professor," said Lawrence, as, having got his senses about him again, he put his lips close to the Demon Doctor's ear.

"Well, young man, what is it?" asked the Demon Doctor, rather coldly.

He had an idea that Lawrence was disposed to admire his daughter, and he did not know exactly whether to approve of him as a prospective son-in-law or not.

Lawrence put his lips closer to his ear, and whispered a few words.

Their effect was electrical.

The Demon Doctor clutched the young man by the shoulder and looked him piercingly in the eyes.

"Impossible!" he groaned, hoarsely.

"No; it is not impossible," was Lawrence's eager response. "I saw her in that man's power in the old mine, and heard her call upon her father for help. Then she was taken away, and I saw her no more."

"Great Heavens! This is awful!" groaned the Demon Doctor, pressing his hands to his forehead. "My daughter! my daughter!"

"Don't get excited," said Frank Trenton. "But tell me what is the matter."

As soon as an emergency requiring the aid of a clear head and a ready expedient arose, the weak boy became Deadhold, the astute detective, and he seemed able to grapple with any difficulty that might face him.

The Demon Doctor recognized this fact, and briefly, in as calm a manner as he could, told what he had just heard from Lawrence Sinclair, that his beloved daughter had been decoyed from her home and was now a prisoner in the power of Barney the Blacksheep.

"Row all toward the city," said Deadhold, as we prefer to call him when he is showing that he is indeed one of the most reliable and astute detectives in the country.

"Faith, I'll take a pair of oars meself," said Mike Carroll, who had remained perfectly quiet since being dragged into the boat, trying to get his obfuscated ideas somewhat cleared.

The Demon Doctor took a pair of oars, sitting in the middle of the boat. Lawrence Sinclair rowed stroke with one oar, and Mike Carroll in the bow pulled another. This style of rowing is known as "randydan."

With the three men pulling with a will, the skiff, which was built for speed as well as for safety, cut through the water so swiftly, in spite of the fact that the current was against it, that it soon covered the four miles between the dam and the spot where Barney Driver's shanty-boat lay moored.

Deadhold had taken command of the expedition as soon as he heard that Lucette had been abducted by Barney.

He knew—or thought he knew—where to find her. Barney Driver's shanty-boat had only been occupied by him a short time, and he (Barney) flattered himself that no one was aware of the fact that he had taken possession of it.

But Deadhold was a detective, and in the character of the innocent boy, Frank Trenton, had made it his business to become acquainted with all of Barney Driver's haunts.

He felt pretty sure that he should find Lucette in the shanty-boat. At all events, that was the place from which to start a clew.

Neither he or the Demon Doctor had been to the

latter's home in Mount Washington since they left it on the previous night to search through the mines for Barney Driver's secret headquarters underground, and until told by Lawrence Sinclair of Lucette's troubles, her father had supposed her safely at home, where he often left her for days and nights at a time when his studies took him away on solitary walks or cruises in his favorite row-boat.

It was still dark when the boat, propelled by the three oarsmen, ran abreast of the shanty-boat.

"This is the place," said Deadhold briefly.

The Demon Doctor and Lawrence Sinclair simultaneously jumped on the deck of the shanty-boat, and knocked at the securely fastened door.

There was no response and they knocked again, louder than before.

Then a female voice was heard, asking timidly:

"Is that you, Barney?"

Without waiting for an answer, the door was opened, and in the dim light burning in the cabin, the slight form of Clara, Barney Driver's wife, stood revealed.

"Where is—" commenced Lawrence Sinclair impetuously.

"Wait a minute," interposed Deadhold, who had by this time joined the other two on the deck of the shanty-boat.

The boy stepped up to the trembling girl, and spoke quietly to her in low, reassuring tones.

"No," said Clara, "she is not here now. She was here, and—Barney told me to take care of her until he came back—"

"The villain!" interrupted Lawrence.

"But yesterday I fainted away for some reason, and when I recovered, I found a Pittsburg detective here who had put handcuffs on her wrists because he thought she had murdered me."

The Demon Doctor clinched his fist.

"Of course he saw that he was mistaken when I came to, and after looking through the cabins, and turning things over, he went away."

"Well?" said the Demon Doctor.

"Well, then the young lady and I became very good friends, and when she told me how she had been torn away from her home, and how she was afraid her father would be nearly crazy about her, I told her to go home, and I would face Barney when he came. I know he will beat me when he comes, though."

The girl broke down and cried pitifully. She seemed to be such a poor, weak creature, that it was no wonder Mike Carroll, who had sat quietly in the skiff, listening, should exclaim with true Irish fervor:

"Be gobl! I'd almost give up me hopes of ould Ireland's freedom, if I c'd give that murtherin' villain just wan thoomp abint his big ear!"

"You sha'n't face him alone, my poor girl," said the Demon Doctor. "Come with us to my house for the present, and I'll intercede with Barney for you."

It needed but little persuasion to induce the girl to go with the party to Mount Washington. She was in mortal terror of her husband, devotedly as she loved him.

An hour later the Demon Doctor, without touching it, caused his front door to fly open, and with another secret manipulation of the electric devices that surrounded his house, caused a flood of light to pervade the hall and his own private study.

Behind him stood Deadhold, Clara, Lawrence Sinclair and Mike Carroll, watching closely this illustration of the power of science over apparently inanimate objects.

Before any one could make a remark, however, a white-robed figure came tripping down the stairs, and Lucette was in the arms of her father.

"Oh, father, where have you been? I have been sitting in my room, waiting for daylight. I felt that some evil must have befallen you."

It is needless to repeat all the explanations that ensued.

Suffice it to say that, acting upon Deadhold's suggestion, when the Demon Doctor had stated that there was plenty of room in his house for everybody, there was a general movement of the whole party to their respective couches.

Clara and Lucette went to the latter's room; Lawrence Sinclair and Mike Carroll were accommodated in a plain but comfortable attic, the Demon Doctor retired to his own bedroom adjoining the study, and Deadhold, at his own request, lay down on the sofa in the study.

"We must explore that cave to-morrow, professor," were Deadhold's last words. "I think I have a clew to the secret that Barney the Blacksheep wants to sell to you, and it is in that worked-out mine."

"I trust entirely to you," was the reply of the Demon Doctor.

"Good-night, professor."

"Good-night."

In Lucette's room, where the two girls—herself and Clara—were retiring in the dark, Clara stood for a minute at the window, looking out into the black night.

Suddenly she started and uttered a faint scream.

"What's the matter, Clara?" asked Lucette, running to her.

"Nothing," was the reply, as the trembling girl pressed her hand to her side. "It was a sort of spasm. I often have them."

"You are worn out," said Lucette, sympathetically. "You need rest."

"Ye—yes," acquiesced Clara. "That's what it is. I need rest."

She spoke mechanically, for her eyes were fixed with a stony stare upon the entrance to the old mine, which was lighted up by the lamp from the Demon Doctor's study.



In that glare of light she saw a white, haggard face, its eyes looking vacantly at the Demon Doctor's window, but with a stare that seemed not to see anything.

The face was the face of her husband, Barney Driver.

"Go to bed, Clara," said Lucette, kindly.

Mechanically she obeyed, but all through her dreams was that terribly staring face, and she felt as if her sleep was one long nightmare.

She thought the face looked like that of a drowned man, who might in life have been her husband.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### THE DEMON OF NATURAL GAS.

How Barney Driver managed to escape the deadly peril in which he was placed when he was drawn over the wickets of the dam by the resistless torrent he could hardly have told.

He remembered being tossed about in the seething flood, with the great logs crashing against him on all sides.

He felt himself drawn under the water while passing over the wickets, and he held his breath until stars danced before his eyes and his head seemed as if it would burst.

Then he was thrown hither and thither, up and down, backward and forward, until, his senses seeming to come back to him, he struck out boldly for the shore below the great lock.

For a few minutes his strokes, powerful as they were, seemed to have no effect.

Then, as if tired of him, the torrent threw him away from the swirl at the foot of the dam, and he found himself in the nearly calm slack-water.

It was an easy thing then for a strong swimmer to reach the shore, and in a very few minutes he stood on the river-bank, shaking himself in his wet clothing and listening to the steady thud-thud of the Demon Doctor's boat, as the three men in it plied their oars with clock-work regularity.

The still night brought every sound to his ear.

"It's all right, gentlemen; but my turn will come. You have got the better of me to night, and beaten me out of a fortune. But I'll have that girl in my power and I'll make Mr. Demon Doctor pay me well for my secret—that isn't such a great secret, after all."

He chuckled as he climbed the bank and walked swiftly along the railroad track toward the city.

He had only gone a few hundred yards when he noticed a small skiff chained to a wooden post at the water's edge.

"Not much use chaining a boat when the post can be pulled out as easily as this," he muttered with a grin, as with one vigorous wrench, he tore the post from its insecure hold in the loose, crumbling earth, soaked with water.

There were no oars in the boat, but, an old barrel that chanced to be lying near was soon kicked to pieces, and two of its staves made excellent paddles, which he used dextrously.

He reached the shore at the foot of Mount Washington while the Demon Doctor was parleying with Clara at the shanty-boat.

Knowing the locality so well it did not take Barney long to reach the top of Mount Washington.

He wanted to get to his secret hiding-place in the mine, where he hoped to find Oscar and Curly Bob and get some explanation of their absence, and find out how Lawrence Sinclair and Mike Carroll had managed to masquerade in these places.

Perhaps a little explanation of this may not be out of place at this time.

It will be remembered that when Lawrence Sinclair was about to step off the chain to the side of the mine he was struck by Oscar, the colored man, and thrown down the pit.

He did not fall far, however. Fortunately, Mike was on the watch, and putting out his hand, was enabled to save him from what would have undoubtedly been a fatal fall.

Oscar and Curly Bob, supposing he had fallen to the bottom, were off their guard for a moment.

Lawrence and Mike quickly recovering themselves jumped out of the mine from the chain, and, springing upon the other two, overpowered them, after a sharp struggle.

As Lawrence forced Oscar to the ground something dropped out of the negro's pocket.

Examination showed it to be a scrap of paper on which was written:

"Davis Island Dam—11 o'clock to-night—skiff."

"An' bedad, we'll keep the app'ntment," said Mike Carroll. "For there is the skiff down there in the wather beyant; I've seen Barney the Blacksheep in it many's the toime."

With some difficulty, they got Oscar and Curly Bob down in the cage to the bottom of the mine, and forced them to go into the corridor from whence Lawrence and Mike had made their way to the shaft.

Some stout cord that Oscar had in his possession had afforded means to bind the two prisoners, and when they were finally left lying on the floor in the darkness of the damp corridor, they were, as Mike expressed it, as "hilless as troosed chickens and as stiff as b'iled owls, bedad!"

Lawrence carefully bolted the heavy oaken door that guarded the outlet of the corridor to the space at the foot of the shaft, and when he and Mike climbed the chain once more and went down to the boat to keep the Davis Island Dam engagement, he felt that he had safely disposed of Oscar and Curly Bob for the time being.

To return to Barney the Blacksheep.

It was with weary steps that he reached the

opening of the old mine and walked straight toward the secret chamber where we first saw him in the mine.

For some unaccountable reason, he felt as if he could not enter the room.

He went to the door, which, as we know, was generally barred and bolted, but which, when empty, was secured by secret fastenings from the outside.

He placed his hands on the door, but still he did not open it.

"Pshaw! What's the matter with me?" he muttered. "I believe I'm getting nervous."

He strolled through the corridors again, with every inch of which he was familiar, and went to the entrance, facing the Demon Doctor's house, standing there for a few minutes in deep thought.

It was then that he was seen by Clara.

"Well, it is no use. I must attend to this business of mine and get things settled up. I have had enough of this part of the country. I'll just go get the swag and be done with it. I wonder where Oscar and Curly are. If I find them loafing around here, after I told them I wanted them for a job, I'll—"

The desperado clinched his fists and scowled darkly as the thought crossed his brain that perhaps they had betrayed him.

"I'll soon find out, anyhow," he said to himself, fiercely, as he made his way to the secret room again.

With quick, determined movements, he unfastened the door and threw it open.

One hasty glance around showed him that the room had not been disturbed since he was last in it.

There was the table overturned, just as it had been thrown in the struggle with Lawrence Sinclair, while the chairs and other furniture were in the same positions in which he had left them.

He went into the room, locked and barred the door and examined the opening in the opposite wall, through which Mike Carroll had entered so unceremoniously two days before.

Everything was secure.

"Oscar!" he called.

No answer.

He opened the trap in the floor and called again.

"I have an idea that those fellows are somewhere around here. I guess they got wind that there was danger and they just kept shady and let me take my chances. But I'll make it hot for them when I get my hands on them."

The natural-gas flame was still throwing its glare around the room.

"Oscar!" he called down the trap.

No answer.

"Well, I'll get this thing settled by myself."

He shut down the trap and carefully examined every mode of egress and ingress to see that he was not likely to be disturbed.

Then he took a shovel and began industriously digging at the pile of slate and rubbish to which reference has already been made several times.

A few shovelfuls of the stuff had been removed, and then the shovel struck something hard with a ringing sound.

"Ah, there you are, my beauty, safe and sound," muttered Barney, as a smile spread over his rugged features, while his eyes glistened with the fire of avarice.

He soon removed the rest of the rubbish that hid his treasure.

Then he threw aside his shovel with a low cry of triumph and pleasure.

A square, iron box, such as Express companies use for the conveyance of money and valuables.

Another careful look around the room, and he took a key from a pocket inside his shirt and raised the lid.

A quantity of dirty newspapers was all that was revealed.

Barney took the trouble now to walk all around the room and look carefully at every place where it might be possible for an intruder to effect an entrance. Everything was silent and safe, and he was quite alone.

He returned to his box and began slowly and cautiously to take out the old newspapers one by one.

Soon the real contents of the box met his eye.

Jewels of all kinds, some in cases and some lying loose were there, while thousands of dollars, apparently in gold and greenbacks were stored away at the bottom.

"Good!" said Barney, in a rapture of satisfaction, as he took up the rings, bracelets, brooches and earrings one by one and examined their luster at different angles in the light of the natural gas flame.

Then he took up one particular ring, a solitaire diamond of large size and remarkable fire.

"Where did that boy get this ring?" he mused, as he placed it on his finger. "I thought when I took this from him the other night, on the river, that I had settled his business forever. I felt sure then that he knew too much about me, but if I had known that he was Deadhold, he would never have lived over that night, either in the name of Frank Trenton or any other."

It was indeed a beautiful ring, and far outshone anything else in the box, splendid as its contents were.

"There are about \$20,000 worth of stuff here," he reflected. "Oscar's share is to be \$1,000 and Curly's \$500—if I feel like giving it to them," with a chuckle.

He proceeded to take out the contents of the box and dispose them in pockets about his clothing.

The jewels he placed in paper, in little heaps,

leaving the cases in the box. He did not want to be burdened with anything save the valuables. Soon all the blazing stones, in their handsome settings, were hidden away in his inside pockets.

"Now for the ready cash," he muttered. "That's always useful, and I may want all I can get before I get safely away from this part of the country."

He had just completed his task, and after carelessly shoveling back the rubbish and slate so as to hide the box again, was examining a splendidly finished Smith & Wesson self-cocking six-shooter, when he started, holding the weapon, his finger on the trigger, as if ready for instant action.

"What was that?" he said, softly. "I thought I heard a voice."

His face turned a sickly yellow in the reflection of the natural gas flame.

He hastily buttoned his sack coat, and, revolver still in hand, bent down to listen.

A faint cry struck his ear.

"Sure enough! There is some one, and I believe it comes from below."

He pulled up the trap and peered into the darkness, but could not distinguish anything.

He took a lantern from a corner of the room, and lighting it, closed it carefully and held it down the trap opening.

"I don't believe there is any one there. They must have got down that little shaft in the corner."

"Barney!"

"By gracious! It's Oscar! What in the deuce is he doing down there? Well, I'll find out very soon, anyhow."

He quickly brought a rope with a hook from a corner of the room and let himself down. Then he went over to the shaft in the corner and looked down.

Oscar's voice sounded nearer now, but still he could not see him.

With a bound he was down the shaft and stumbling along the corridor to the spot from whence the negro's voice, crying "Barney," could still be heard.

"Where are you, Oscar?" cried Barney.

"Hyar, boss, an' nearly done played out. I'se gwine to die, I know, an' Curly Bob, he done gone dead, already, I b'lieve."

"Don't be a fool! Where are you?" was Barney's impatient response. Then he added: "Hallo, what's this? I feel kind of hard to breathe. It is terribly close down here."

He went on a few yards further and stopped, while he opened the collar of his shirt. He felt a tightness around the throat that he could not account for.

"Look out, boss," said Oscar, "dere's danger 'roun' hyar, suah. I done shet dat doah, 'cause there's—there's—"

"What? Why don't you say what you mean?" said Barney, impatiently, as he felt his head swim, while his breath came quicker and shorter.

"Why, boss, I—I ca—an't desackly say what I wants, 'cause—'cause I feels sick, an' I b'lieve Curly Bob is a goner; I do, suah!"

Barney Driver stumbled along until he came to a door, tightly closed, from the other side of which Oscar's voice proceeded.

Barney felt very sick now. Sparks seemed to dance before his eyes, there was a humming and buzzing in his ears and he could not keep his mind under control without great exertion.

"What is it, Oscar?" he asked, faintly.

"Why, boss. Doan't you open dat doah! I guess the nat'ral gas done be escapin' somewhere, so I shut the doah, but there's 'nuff of it got through the chinks to choke Curly, an' I doan' b'lieve I kin hold out much longer."

"Natural gas!" repeated Barney, as a thrill of horror ran through him, while the stars danced faster than ever before his eyes, and the noise in his ears became louder and more bewildering.

Too well he knew the terrible power of this but little understood product of Mother Earth. He knew that natural gas, while ten times more deadly in its effects than the regular manufactured gas, used in all parts of the civilized world, was still apparently innocent until the victim was fairly in its clutch.

He knew that natural gas was entirely odorless, and that it gave no sign of its presence by the strong, unpleasant smell that always gives warning of the escape of regular coal gas.

It was this peculiarity that had made it possible for Barney to be nearly overcome by it before he knew that it was escaping around him at all.

In different parts of the mine the gas existed, as he knew, he having taken advantage of it in the room above to sink a pipe into the small "pocket," as the gas deposits are called, and thus furnish himself with light.

But he was not prepared for the leakage that had probably killed Curly Bob and from which he himself might not escape.

He felt that he must get away and recover himself before he could attempt the rescue of Oscar.

He turned around to walk back, and stumbled over a huge boulder that lay in his path.

As he fell, his lantern struck the boulder and smashed the glass.

For perhaps a thousandth part of a second there was a low sound, like a rumbling sigh. Then, with a mighty roar and crash and boom—that shook Mount Washington to its foundations, and made the good people of Pittsburgh and Allegheny across the river, turn in their beds—a large portion of the worked-out mine was laid bare to the heavens.

The remains of Barney, Oscar and Curly Bob were never found, and it was supposed that the force of the explosion drove them further into the mines, where the tumbling masses of dislodged rock, slate and earth covered them beyond recovery.



Thus ended Barney Driver's hopes of living comfortably on his ill-gotten gains in another part of the country. He died with his plunder clasped to his bosom.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## CONCLUSION—SOME MYSTERIES CLEARED UP.

"Do not grieve," the Demon Doctor was saying kindly, the next day, to Clara. "But try and clear his name as much as you can by making restitution."

An elderly gentleman, with gray hair and a kindly expression, was sitting in the Demon Doctor's own chair, while Lucette, Lawrence Sinclair and Mike Carroll were listening to a narrative told by Clara.

"Here is the paper that Barney wanted to sell to you," said Clara. "He gave it to me to mind, and told me never to let it go out of my hands until he asked me for it."

The Demon Doctor took it from her hand and glanced over it.

"Why, this is the will of Alex. Golden, in which he bequeaths all his property, real and personal, to his twin nieces, Mabel and Lucette, who, to the best of his belief, are now in Paris (that is, at the date of the will, sixteen years ago), but whose exact whereabouts he cannot tell. The will then goes on to say that, having quarreled with his brother, Wilton, several years ago, over a trifling matter, he wishes to provide for his two children in the future, in the hope of making some amends at least for his unbrotherly conduct."

"Beggorra, now, that Alexander Golden must have been a foine mon," said Mike Carroll, who had been listening to the Demon Doctor's words with unbounded interest. "I wonder if he's alive."

"Yes," said the gray-headed man, suddenly. "I am Alexander Golden."

"Och, be gobl! Who'd ha' thought it?" said Mike, opening his eyes very wide.

"Yes," said the gray-headed man, who was indeed none other than the cashier whom Barney Driver had attempted to rob on the evening before. "My name is Alexander Golden, and I wrote that will many years ago. But, is there not something more?"

"Yes," said the Demon Doctor. "Here is a piece of paper attached, containing more writing."

"P'raps it's a coodoy sil," said Mike.

The Demon Doctor read from it:

"My two nieces can be identified in a certain way. On the arm of each, half-way between the wrist and the elbow, is a small white mark. That on Mabel is in the form of a crescent, and that on Lucette a star. The devices, which are natural birth-marks, are very clearly defined, a physician having stated in my presence, when the children were babies, that the signs would be as distinguishable when they grew to womanhood as in infancy."

Without a word the Demon Doctor took Lucette's hand and bared her arm.

The star was plainly marked!

"At last," said the Demon Doctor, "my Lucette has found her real name."

"I have no name but yours, father," said Lucette, placing her arms around his neck. "I have often heard how you saved the lives of my sister and myself at the risk of your own, when the ocean steamer went down off the Banks of Newfoundland, and my poor father and mother were drowned."

"Och, murther! yis, I know what it is when there is a ruction at say," said Mike Carroll. "It's jist the worrust thing yez iver saw, so it is!"

"I never saw the children before that awful night. They were cabin passengers and I was traveling from Paris to New York by steerage. So I never knew who their parents were," went on the Demon Doctor, simply.

"Professor Le Fevre," said Mr. Golden, taking the Demon Doctor's hand. "You saved my life last night and added one more to the many debts of gratitude I owe you. We have long been close friends, and now, I am sure, we shall be brothers. Strange that I never should have chanced to inquire the name of your daughter before. It might have sooner led to her recovery."

"But my sister, Mabel, father. How is it I have never seen her, or even heard you speak of her?" said Lucette.

The Demon Doctor looked troubled.

"I do not know," he said, sadly. "We landed in New York, and I had you both in my care, with the intention of bringing you up as my own."

"Yes," said Mr. Golden, eagerly.

"I left the two little ones in a hotel in New York while I went out to make arrangements for our journey to Pittsburg, where I intended to settle down. When I returned, Lucette was there, but Mabel was gone. No one in the hotel could tell me anything about it. The children had been left in the care of a chambermaid, who had allowed them to play about the halls. Mabel had disappeared. That was all she knew, and that is all I have been able to find out from that day to this. In a small leather bag tied around the neck of Lucette, were a quantity of jewels—diamonds. I found the bag when we landed in New York, and I saved it carefully for the children. A week ago the bag was stolen, I believe by Barney Driver."

"They were" broke in Clara, with a sob. "Barney had them in the mine, I know."

"Then they are lost, irretrievably, I am afraid," said the Demon Doctor. "Nothing can have been saved in that part of the mine after such a terrible explosion."

"Where is Deadhold?" asked Lucette. "I have not seen him this morning."

"I don't know," said her father, as we shall still continue to call the Demon Doctor.

"An' who bees Deadhold?" asked Mike Carroll. "Sure that's a new wan on me."

"I believe you know him as Frank Trenton," returned the Demon Doctor. "But Barney Driver spoke of him as Deadhold, and the name seemed so appropriate that I have used it since. He is a bright young man, though he does not seem to have more strength than Lucette there."

"He is a funny boy. I took a great fancy to him," said Lawrence Sinclair, speaking for the first time. He had been so intent in watching Lucette and in listening to the story of her early life and antecedents that he had felt no wish to talk himself.

"I'll go and look for him," said the Demon Doctor. "He must be somewhere in the house I should think."

"I don't think so," said Clara. "Look in the mine."

The girl spoke so confidently, as if she knew that the boy would be there, that the Demon Doctor, with a motion to Lawrence Sinclair, went out immediately.

It was broad daylight, being about ten o'clock in the morning after the explosion, but was dark in the corridor of the mine.

An electric light shone from the Demon Doctor's breast at his bidding, and made the ruin and disturbance of the interior plain to everybody.

The whole party followed the Demon Doctor as he explored the cavern.

The force of the explosion, while it had not reached to this part of the mine, had still blocked it up so that they could not proceed safely very far.

"What would the b'ye be doin' here, onyhow?" said Mike Carroll. "Sure, he c'u'dn't expect to find onythin' now that all the inside uv it has gone oop in shmoke an' cinders."

"He is here somewhere," said Clara, quietly.

The girl evidently knew more than she told, for she walked boldly along close by the Demon Doctor, as if she knew that they would find something presently to reward their search.

"What is this under our feet?" asked Mr. Golden.

"It is one of those small recesses or closets where the miners used to keep their tools and working clothing, I expect," said the Demon Doctor, raising a trap. Then, after peering into it, he said: "No; it's an old stable. Come down. It slopes easily. I suppose the pit mules used to pass a good portion of their existence here."

With the Demon Doctor leading and showing a light, all walked down the slope, where the faint smell of hay and straw gave token that it was indeed a stable in the long ago.

"Foony place," commented Mike Carroll.

"There does not seem to be anything down here," said Lawrence Sinclair.

"Howly Moses," burst from Mike, as the little Irishman turned around to run up the slope.

"What's the matter, Mike?" asked Lawrence.

"Ow! Ow! A ghost! A ghost! A white ghost! I seen it, wid me own eyes, begorra!"

He was evidently very much terrified, as he pointed toward a corner of the stable.

At this moment, the "ghost" stepped from behind a heap of lumber and rock, and stood revealed, in the person of a graceful young girl, about the same age as Lucette.

She wore a dark traveling-suit and a jaunty hat, with a veil closely drawn over her face.

The "white" ghost was the result only of Mike Carroll's imagination.

"Do not ask me any questions, Professor Le Fevre," said the stranger, in a musical voice. "But let me go to your house, where perhaps I can give you some information that will interest you."

The Demon Doctor, surprised as he was to find a strange young lady in such a place, and still more surprised that she knew his name, did not make any reply, but stood back to allow her to pass out first, showing her a light as he did so.

A quarter of an hour later all were once more gathered in the Demon Doctor's study, with the addition of the strange young lady, who still wore her hat and veil.

The latter was speaking.

"This girl," she said, "is my friend, and can corroborate me, if necessary," placing her gloved hand on Clara's shoulder.

"I have known her for years," said Clara, simply.

"She was stolen from a New York hotel when a baby, by—my mother."

"Your mother?" said the Demon Doctor.

"Yes, but do not speak harshly of her. She is long since dead. Mabel here was my companion until five years ago. Then—then I met Barney, and a year later we were married. Mabel had learned to be a telegraph operator and could always make a good living. A year ago I heard that she had gone into another business—a detective, but I never saw her again until last night."

"Mabel!" exclaimed Lucette, clasping her newly-found sister to her bosom.

"My daughter," said the Demon Doctor.

"Will the young lady let us see her arm?" asked the cashier, with the caution taught by a long career in a bank.

Clara helped Mabel to pull up her sleeve, and there, plainly enough, was a crescent, standing out clearly in the white flesh of her rounded arm.

"Yes, you are undoubtedly my niece," said Mr. Golden. "Henceforth your home is with your old bachelor uncle, is it not?"

"If you wish it," said Mabel, placing her hand trustingly in that of Mr. Golden.

"But let us see your face, my dear," said the old gentleman. "We cannot tell what you look like behind that veil."

Mabel, with a swift movement, drew the veil from her face.

"Deadhold!" exclaimed the Demon Doctor.

"Frank Trenton!" cried Lawrence Sinclair and Mike Carroll.

To say that the speakers were astonished would convey but a faint idea of their intense wonderment.

The young lady, whom we must now call Mabel Golden, but who has hitherto been known to us as Frank Trenton and Deadhold, smiled, as she explained that, having just been engaged as a female detective, she had found it easier to follow up her chosen profession as a boy, and, as Frank Trenton, or Deadhold, she had often been enabled to do good detective work that she could never have accomplished as a young lady.

What more is there to tell?

Mabel is happy as she can be with her indulgent old uncle, at his beautiful home on the Ohio, and Clara, who lives there too, as her companion, is developing roses on her cheeks such as she never had as the wife of Barney the Blacksheep.

Lawrence Sinclair and Lucette have obtained the consent of the Demon Doctor and Mr. Golden to their marriage, and hope soon to become one, the old gentleman having already given Lawrence a lucrative position in the bank, for which he has developed a singular aptitude.

In the old house on Mount Washington, within view of the entrance to the old worked-out mine, a tall, white-haired man pursues in quietude his scientific studies. He is day by day bringing more under control the mystic forces of electricity, and is at work on an invention, now nearly completed, which will make, it is expected, the whole world ring with the name of Prof. Le Fevre, known to his neighbors as The Demon Doctor.

THE END.

## BEADLE AND ADAMS'

## STANDARD DIME PUBLICATIONS

## Speakers.

Each volume contains 100 large pages, printed from clear, open type, comprising the best collection of Dialogues, Dramas and Recitations.

The Dime Speakers embrace twenty-four volumes viz.:

- |                           |                               |
|---------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. American Speaker.      | 15. Komikal Speaker.          |
| 2. National Speaker.      | 16. Youth's Speaker.          |
| 3. Patriotic Speaker.     | 17. Eloquent Speaker.         |
| 4. Comic Speaker.         | 18. Hail Columbia Speaker.    |
| 5. Elocutionist.          |                               |
| 6. Humorous Speaker.      | 19. Serio-Comic Speaker.      |
| 7. Standard Speaker.      | 20. Select Speaker.           |
| 8. Stump Speaker.         | 21. Funny Speaker.            |
| 9. Juvenile Speaker.      | 22. Jolly Speaker.            |
| 10. Spread-Eagle Speaker. | 23. Dialect Speaker.          |
| 11. Dime Debater.         | 24. Recitations and Readings. |
| 12. Exhibition Speaker.   | 25. Burlesque Speaker.        |
| 13. School Speaker.       |                               |
| 14. Ludicrous Speaker.    |                               |

These books are replete with choice pieces for the School-room, the Exhibition, for Homes, etc. 75 to 100 Declamations and Recitations in each book.

## Dialogues.

The Dime Dialogues, each volume 100 pages, embrace thirty-two books, viz.:

- |                          |                             |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Dialogues No. One.       | Dialogues No. Eighteen.     |
| Dialogues No. Two.       | Dialogues No. Nineteen.     |
| Dialogues No. Three.     | Dialogues No. Twenty.       |
| Dialogues No. Four.      | Dialogues No. Twenty-one.   |
| Dialogues No. Five.      | Dialogues No. Twenty-two.   |
| Dialogues No. Six.       | Dialogues No. Twenty-three. |
| Dialogues No. Seven.     | Dialogues No. Twenty-four.  |
| Dialogues No. Eight.     | Dialogues No. Twenty-five.  |
| Dialogues No. Nine.      | Dialogues No. Twenty-six.   |
| Dialogues No. Ten.       | Dialogues No. Twenty-seven. |
| Dialogues No. Eleven.    | Dialogues No. Twenty-eight. |
| Dialogues No. Twelve.    | Dialogues No. Twenty-nine.  |
| Dialogues No. Thirteen.  | Dialogues No. Thirty.       |
| Dialogues No. Fourteen.  | Dialogues No. Thirty-one.   |
| Dialogues No. Fifteen.   | Dialogues No. Thirty-two.   |
| Dialogues No. Sixteen.   | Dialogues No. Thirty-three. |
| Dialogues No. Seventeen. | Dialogues No. Thirty-four.  |

15 to 25 Dialogues and Dramas in each book.

## Dramas and Readings.

164 12mo Pages. 20 Cents.

For Schools, Parlors, Entertainments and the Amateur Stage, comprising Original Minor Dramas, Comedy, Farce, Dress Pieces, Humorous Dialogue and Burlesque, by noted writers; and Recitations and Readings, new and standard, of the greatest celebrity and interest. Edited by Prof. A. M. Russell.

## Lives of Great Americans.

- |                         |                         |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| I.—George Washington.   | VIII.—Israel Putnam.    |
| II.—John Paul Jones.    | X.—Tecumseh.            |
| III.—Mad Anthony Wayne  | XI.—Abraham Lincoln.    |
| IV.—Ethan Allen.        | XII.—Pontiac.           |
| V.—Marquis de Lafayette | XIII.—Ulysses S. Grant. |

The above publications are for sale by all news-dealers or will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, ten cents each, by BEADLE AND ADAMS, 26 WILLIAM STREET, N. Y.



THE GREAT AMERICAN STORY PAPER.

The Best Weekly

Always Bright!

Always Original!

Of Popular, Entertaining and Useful Literature

Always Pure!

Always Strong!

Published in America!

Its Corps of Contributors Unrivalled!

Almost all of whom write *exclusively* for its publishers—embrace the following popular authors:

Col. Prentiss Ingraham, Col. E. Z. C. Judson (Ned Buntline), Oil Coomes,  
Albert W. Aiken, Hon. Wm. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill), Charles Morris,  
Joseph E. Badger, Jr., Major Dangerfield Burr, Phillip S. Warne,  
Capt. Fred Whittaker, Major Sam S. Hall (Buckskin Sam),  
Edward L. Wheeler, J. C. Cowdrick, Edward Willett,  
Wm. R. Eyster, T. C. Harbaugh, Eben E. Rexford,  
Wm. H. Manning, Frank Triplett, A. F. Holt,  
H. H. Johnson, Wm. S. Gidley, K. F. Hill,  
Henri Montcalm, Al. W. Crowell,  
Jo Pierce, H. S. Keller,  
Weldon J. Cobb,  
etc., etc.,

Each and All of Whom Give to

**THE BANNER WEEKLY**

Their Very Best Productions,  
IN ALL THE

INTERESTING AND ATTRACTIVE FIELDS OF

Border, Interior, and Wild West Romance—

Adventure, Exploration, and Sport—

Life on the Great Plains—

Life on the Ranches—

Life in the Mines—

Life in the Wilderness—

City Life Character, Courts and Ways—

Detective and 'Shadow' Revelations—

Stories of the Great Deep, etc.

Published at the Following Rates:

For Four Months	\$1.00
For One Year	3.00
Two Copies for One Year	5.00
Single Copies	6 cents.

SOLD BY ALL NEWSDEALERS.

Hence, each and every number overflows with the most interesting and exciting matter, while in its several SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS answering all the needs, and adding to the general interest and usefulness of, the strictly popular journal, THE BANNER WEEKLY is the paper others for good reading and entertainment.

98 WILLIAM ST., BEADLE AND ADAMS, Publishers, NEW YORK.



# BEADLE'S\* HALF-DIME\* LIBRARY.

Published Every Tuesday. Each Issue Complete and Sold at the Uniform Price of Five Cents. No Double Numbers.

## BY PHILIP S. WARNE.

- 67 Patent-Leather Joe; or, Old Rattlesnake, the Charmer.  
175 Captain Arizona; or, Patent-Leather Joe's Big Game.  
198 Captain Mask; or, Patent-Leather Joe's Defeat.  
219 Despard, the Duellist; or, The Mountain Vampires.  
338 A Tough Boy; or, The Dwarf's Revenge.  
363 Little Tornado; or, The Outcasts of the Glen.  
373 Little Jingo; or, the Queer Pard.  
388 Little Oh-my; or, Caught in His Own Trap.  
401 Little Shoo-Fly; or, A Race for a Ranch.  
408 Little Leather-Breeches; or, Old Jumbo's Curse.  
431 Little Ah Sin; or, The Curse of Blood.  
451 Colorado Kate. A Tale of the mines.  
480 Three Jolly Pards.  
517 Jim Gladden's Deputy.  
527 The Jolly Pards to the Rescue.  
547 Sandy Andy; or, A Good Man Down.  
556 Lariat Lili; or, The Cat for a Life.  
574 Old Wensel-top, the Man with the Dogs.  
593 Keen Clem, the Ranch Imp.  
599 Jim Dandy, the No-Name Sport.

## BY CAPTAIN FRED. WHITTAKER.

- 15 The Sea-Cat; or, The Witch of Darien.  
29 The Dumb Page; or, The Dog's Daughter.  
43 Dick Darling, the Pony Express Rider.  
150 Lance and Lasso; or, The Children of the Chaco.  
154 The Sword Hunters; or, The Land of the Elephant Riders.  
159 The Lost Captain; or, Skipper Jabez Coffin's Cruise to the Open Polar Sea.  
200 The Boy Bedouins; or, The Brothers of the Plumed Lance.  
214 Wolfgang, the Robber of the Rhine.  
249 Milo Homer, the Animal King; or, The Round the World Wanderer.  
265 The Tiger Tamer; or, The League of the Jungle.  
331 Black Nick, the Demon Rider.  
395 California Joe's War Trail.

## BY BUCKSKIN SAM (Major Sam. S. Hall.)

- 284 Old Rocky's "Boycos; or, Benito, the Young Horse-Breaker.  
246 Giant George; or, The Ang'l of the Range.  
275 Arizona Jack; or, Giant George's Pard.  
297 The Tarantula of Taos; or, Giant George's Revenge.  
307 The Strange Pard; or, Little Ben's Death Hunt.  
318 Ker-whoop, Ker-whoop; or, The Tarantula of Taos.  
327 Creeping Cat, the Caddo; or, The Red and White Pards.  
332 Frio Fred; or, The Tonkaway's Trust.  
344 The Fighting Trio; or, Rattlesnake, the Tonkaway.  
349 Wild Wolf; or, Big-Foot Wallace to the Front.  
357 The Ranch Raiders; or, The Siege of Fort Purgatory.  
364 Snap-Shot, the Boy Ranger.  
375 Chlota, the Creek; or, The Three Thunderbolts.  
381 Bandera Bill; or, Frio Frank to the Front.  
392 Romeo and the Reds; or, The Besieged Ranch.  
404 Little Lariat; or, Pecan Pete's Big Rampage.  
414 The Daisy from Denver.  
427 The Three Trappers; or, Old Rocky on the Rampage.  
442 Bluff Bill; or, The Lynx of the Leona.  
455 Little Lone Star; or, The Belle of the Cibola.

## BY EDWARD WILLETT.

- 167 Ann Scott, the Steamboat Boy.  
199 Featherweight the Boy Champion of the Muskingum.  
223 Ozark Alf; or, Featherweight Among the Outlaws.  
282 The Typo Detective; or, Weasel, the Boy Tramp.  
295 Fearless Phil; or, The King of Quartzville.  
311 The Roving Sport; or, The Pride of Chuckaluck Camp.  
322 Nemo, the Detective; or, Kit Kenyon's Vendetta.  
340 Clip the Contortionist; or, The Montana Vigilantes.

## BY J. C. COWDRICK.

- 360 Silver-Mask, the Man of Mystery.  
369 Shasta, the Gold King; or, For Seven Years Dead.  
420 The Detective's Apprentice; or, A Boy Without a Name.  
424 Cibola John; or, Red-Hot Times at Ante Bar.  
439 Sandy Sam, the Street Scout.  
467 Disco Dan, the Daisy Dude.  
490 Broadway Billy, the Bootblack Bravo.  
506 Redlight Ralph, the Prince of the Road.  
514 Broadway Billy's Boodle.  
524 The Engineer Detective.  
536 Broadway Billy's "Dimkilty."  
548 Mart, the Night Express Detective.  
557 Broadway Billy's Death Racket.  
571 Air-Line Luke, the Young Engineer.  
579 The Chimney Spy; or, Broadway Billy's Surprise-Party.  
592 The Boy Pinkerton.  
605 William O' Broadway; or, The Boy Detective's Big Inning.

## BY JO PIERCE.

- 397 Bob o' the Bowery; or, The Prince of Mulberry Street.  
415 The Vagabond Detective; or, Bowery Bob's Boom.  
452 Hotspur Bob, the Street-Boy Detective.  
460 The Lawyer's Shadow; or, Luke's Legacy.  
472 Jaunty Joe, the Young Horse-King.  
494 Surly Sam, the Young Ferryman Detective.  
504 Five Points Phil.  
509 Jack Juggers, the Butcher Boy Detective.  
516 Tartar Tim; or, Five Points Phil's Menagerie.  
526 North River Nat, the Pier Detective.  
533 Wrestling Rex, the Pride of the Sixth Ward.  
541 Jeff Flicker, the Stable Boy Detective.  
551 Nick Nettle, the Boy Shadow.  
559 Harlem Jack, the Office Boy Detective.  
569 Brooklyn Ben, the On-His-Own-Hook Detective.  
577 Pavement Pete, the Secret Sifter.  
588 Jack-o'-Lantern, the Under-Sea Prospector.  
608 Wide-Awake Bert, the Street-Steerer.

## BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

- 78 Blue Dick; or, The Yellow Chief's Vengeance.  
87 The Land Pirate; or, The League of Devil's Island.  
137 The Helpless Hand; or, Backwoods Retribution.  
239 The Gold-seeker Guide; or, The Lost Mountain.

## BY MAJOR HENRY B. STODDARD, Ex-Scout.

- 306 Neck-Tie Ned; or, The Dug-Out Pards.  
346 Rapier Raphael; or, The Swordsmen of Zacatecas.  
391 Kid-Glove Kit, the Dandy of the Rockies.  
398 Kid-Glove Kit and Pard; or, The Gold King.  
406 The Mad Man-Hunter; or, The Mystery of Golden Gulch.  
505 Powell's Pard; or, The One-Armed Giant.

## BY HARRY ST. GEORGE.

- 80 Roaring Ralph Rockwood, the Ranger.  
44 Rattling Rube; or, The Nighthawks of Kentucky.  
59 Old Hickory; or, Pandy Ellis's Scalp.  
108 Daring Davy; or, The Trail of the Border Wolf.  
166 Hickory Harry; or, The Trapper-Brigade's Spy.  
272 Thunderbolt Tom; or, the Wolf-Herder.

## BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

- 11 The Two Detectives; or, The Fortunes of a Bowery Girl.  
76 Abe Colt, the Crow-Killer.  
79 Sol Ginger, the Giant Trapper.  
233 Joe Buck of Angels and His Boy Pard.  
447 New York Nat. A Tale of Tricks and Traps in Gotham.  
458 New England Nick; or, The Fortunes of a Foundling.  
464 Nimble Nick, the Circus Prince.  
493 Taos Ted, the Arizona Sport.  
510 Cool Colorado, the Half-Breed Detective.  
518 Cool Colorado in New York.

## BY GEORGE WALDO BROWNE.

- 86 Dandy Rock, the Man from Texas.  
90 The Bread Rider; or, The Texas Duellist.  
99 The Tiger of Taos; or, Dandy Rock's Angel.  
115 The Mad Miner; or, Dandy Rock's Doom.  
131 The Golden Hand; or, Dandy Rock to the Rescue.  
164 Dandy Rock's Pledge; or, Hunted to Death.  
178 Dandy Rock's Rival; or, The Haunted Maid of Taos.

## BY CAPT. J. F. C. ADAMS.

- 34 Oregon Sol; or, Nick Whiffles's Boy Spy.  
46 Glass-Eye, the Great Shot of the West.  
54 Ned Hazel, the Boy Trapper.  
56 Nick Whiffles's Pet; or, In the Valley of Death.  
60 The White Indian; or, The Scout of the Yellowstone.  
70 Old Zip's Cabin; or, The Greenhorn in the Woods.  
81 Lightning Jo, the Terror of the Prairie.  
85 Buck Buckram; or, Bess, the Female Trapper.  
247 Old Grizzly and His Pets; or, The Wild Huntress.  
251 Light-house Lige; or, Oceola, the Firebrand.  
257 The Lost Hunters; or, The Underground Camp.  
288 The Scalp King; or, The Human Thunderbolt.

## BY ROGER STARBUCK.

- 25 The Boy Captain; or, The Pirate's Daughter.  
114 The Black Schooner; or, Jib Junk, the Old Tar.  
259 The Golden Harpoon; or, Lost Among the Floes.  
348 Fire-Heels; or, Old Skinfint, the Death-Shadow.  
354 Big Horn Ike, the Hill Tramp; or, The Odd Pards.  
361 The Phantom Light-house.  
370 Breaker Ben, the Reef-Runner.

## BY WILLIAM R. EYSTER.

- 190 Dandy Darke; or, The Tigers of High Pine.  
210 Faro Frank; or, Dandy Darke's Go-Down Pards

## BY COLONEL DELLE SARA.

- 108 The Lion of the Sea; or, The Valled Lady.  
186 Cool Desmond; or, The Gambler's Big Game.

## BY JAMES L. BOWEN

- 107 One-Eyed Sam; or, The Abandoned Forest Home.  
110 The Black Steed of the Prairies. A Story of Texas.

## BY C. DUNNING CLARK.

- 135 Captain Paul; or, The Boy Spy of the Mountains.  
230 The Yankee Rajah; or, The Fate of the Black Sheriff.

## BY GEORGE C. JENKS.

- 485 Git Thar Ownce the Unknown.  
492 Git Thar Ownce's Pledge.  
513 The Demon Doctor.  
581 Double-Curve Dan, the Pitcher Detective.  
598 Flute, the Singer Detective.

## BY CAPT. ALFRED B. TAYLOR, U. S. A.

- 191 Buffalo Billy, the Boy Bullwhacker; or, The Doomed Thirteen.  
194 Buffalo Bill's Bet; or, The Gambler Guide.

## BY CHARLES E. LASALLE.

- 50 Hurt Bunker, the Trapper.  
52 The White Buffalo. A Tale of the Northwest.

## BY JOHN J. MARSHALL.

- 40 Roving Ben. A Story of a Young American.  
97 The Outlaw Brothers; or, The Captive of the Harpes.

## BY WM. G. PATTEN.

- 489 The Diamond Sport; or, The Double Face of Red Rock.  
519 Captain Mystery; or, Five in One.  
531 Daisy Dare the Sport from Denver.  
587 Old Bombshell, the Ranger Detective.  
604 Iron Fern, the Man of Fire.

## BY MAJOR E. L. ST. VRAIN.

- 292 Sancho Pedro, the Boy Bandit.  
301 Leadville Nick, the Boy Sport.  
312 Redtop Rube, the Vigilante Prince.  
333 Brimstone Bob, and His Lightning Horse Quartette.  
352 Tombstone Tom, the Arizona Boy of "Sand."  
359 Durango Dave, the Young Champion Wrestler.  
371 Kingbolt Chris, the Young Hard-Shell Detective.  
380 Avalanche Alf, the Foothills Guide.  
390 Jaguar Joe, of the Mountain Mail-Line.

## BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

- 6 Bill Biddon, Trapper.  
8 Seth Jones; or, The Captives of the Frontier.  
10 Nat Todd; or, The Fate of the Sioux Captive.  
21 The Frontier Angel.  
93 The Boy Miners; or, The Enchanted Island.  
132 The Hunted Hunter; or, The Strange Horseman.  
254 The Half-Blood; or, The Panther of the Plains.  
271 The Huge Hunter; or, The Steam Prairie Man.

## BY MAJOR LEWIS W. CARSON.

- 278 The Three Trappers; or, The Mountain Monster.  
288 Indian Joe; or, The White Spirit of the Hills.

## BY FRANK DUMONT.

- 120 The Branded Hand; or, The Man of Mystery.  
127 Wild-Fire, the Boss of the Road.  
140 Blue Blazes; or, The Break of Day Boys of Rocky Bar.  
171 Ebony Dan; or, The Rival Leagues.  
185 Evil Eye; or, The Vultures of the Rio Grande.

## BY CAPT. MARK WILTON.

- 256 Young Kentucky; or, The Red Lasso.  
270 Blizzard Ben; or, The Riot at Keno Camp.  
286 Josh, the Boy Tenderfoot.

## BY BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG.

- 89 Island Jim; or, The Pet of the Family.  
91 The Captain of the Club; or, The Rival Athletes.  
101 Jack Harkaway in New York.

## BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

- 2 Yellowstone Jack; or, The Trapper.  
48 Black John, the Road-Agent; or, The Outlaw's Retreat.  
65 Hurricane Bill; or, Mustang Sam and His Pard.  
119 Mustang Sam; or, The King of the Plains.  
136 Night-Hawk Kit; or, The Daughter of the Ranch.  
144 Dainty Lance, the Boy Sport.  
151 Panther Paul; or, Dainty Lance to the Rescue.  
160 The Black Giant; or, Dainty Lance in Jeopardy.  
168 Deadly Dash; or, Fighting Fire with Fire.  
184 The Boy Trappers; or, Dainty Lance on the War-Path.  
203 The Boy Pards; or, Dainty Lance Unmasks.  
211 Crooked Cale, the Caliban of Celestial City.  
310 The Barranca Wolf; or, The Beautiful Decoy.  
319 The Black Rider; or, The Horse-Thieves' League.  
385 Old Double Flat; or, The Strange Guide.  
355 The King of the Woods; or, Daniel Boone's Last Trail.  
449 Kit Fox, the Border Boy Detective.

## BY W. J. HAMILTON.

- 63 The Red Brotherhood; or, The Twelve Avengers.  
66 Single Hand; or, A Life for a Life.  
72 Mad Tom Western, the Texas Ranger.  
337 Ben Bird, the Cave King; or, Big Pete's Scoop.

## BY JACK FARRAGUT.

- 315 Ned, the Cabin Boy.  
320 The Sea Sorceress; or, The Boy Skipper.

## BY LIEUT. H. D. PERRY, U. S. N.

- 176 The Boy Runaway; or, The Buccaneer of the Bay.  
180 The Sea Traller; or, A Vow Well Kept.  
192 Captain Kit; or, The Mystery of Montauk Point.

## BY HARRY HAZARD.

- 323 Arkansaw Jack; or, The Scourge of the Mines.  
329 Red-Skin Tom; or, The Demon's Trail.  
342 The Mountain Devil; or, Yellow Jack, the Outlaw.

## BY COL. A. F. HOLT.

- 399 Black Buckskin; or, The Masked Men of Death Canyon.  
419 Kenneth, the Knife-King.  
435 Little Lightfoot, the Pilot of the Woods.

## BY J. W. OSBON.

- 469 The Rival Giants of Nowhar.  
498 Cactus Burr, the Man from Hard Luck.  
537 Old Buckeye, the Sierra Shadow.  
564 Powder Phil, the Boy Miner.

## BY FREDERICK DEWEY.

- 318 Cimarron Jack, the King-Pin of Rifle-Shots.  
478 Taugemund, the Desert Detective.  
542 The Canyon Pards.

## BY ARTHUR C. GRISSOM.

- 440 Little Foxfoot, the Gold Bowie Kid.  
558 The Sure-Shot Pards.

## BY LIEUT. A. K. SIMS.

- 546 Captain Cactus, the Chaparral Cock.  
568 The Dandy of Dodge.  
576 The Silver Sport.  
588 Saffron Sol, the Man With a Shadow.  
589 Tom-Cat and Pard; or, The Dead Set at Silver City.  
601 Happy Hans, the Dutch Vidocq; or, Red-Hot Times at Round-Up.

## MISCELLANEOUS AUTHORS.

- 4 The Wild-Horse Hunters. By Capt. Mayne Reid and Frederick Whittaker.  
9 Adventures of Baron Munchausen.  
12 Gulliver's Travels. By Dean Swift.  
14 Aladdin; or, The Wonderful Lamp.  
16 Robinson Crusoe. (27 Illustrations.)  
18 Sindbad the Sailor. His Seven Voyages.  
22 The Sea Serpent; or, The Boy Robinson Crusoe. By Juan Lewis.  
33 The Ocean Bloodhound; or, The Red Pirates of the Carribees. By S. W. Pierce.  
36 The Boy Clown; or, The Queen of the Arena. By Frank S. Flinn.  
38 Ned Wyld, the Boy Scout. By Texas Jack.  
51 The Boy Rifles; or, The Underground Camp. By Archie C. Irons.  
95 The Rival Rovers; or, The Freebooters of the Mississippi. By Lieut.-Col. Hazeltine.  
98 Robin Hood, the Outlawed Earl; or, The Merry Men of Greenwood. By Prof. Gildersleeve.  
105 Old Rube, the Hunter; or, The Crow Captive. By Captain Hamilton Holmes.  
112 The Mad Hunter; or, The Cave of Death. By Burton Saxe.  
124 Tippy, the Texan; or, The Young Champion. By George Gleason.  
128 The Young Privateer; or, The Pirate's Stronghold. By Harry Cavendish.  
148 Sharp Sam; or, The Adventures of a Friendless Boy. By J. Alexander Patten.  
227 Dusky Darrell, Trapper; or, The Green Ranger of the Yellowstone. By Edward Emerson.  
261 Fergus Fearnought the New York Boy. By George L. Aiken.  
266 Killb'ar, the Guide; or, Davy Crockett's Crooked Trail. By Ensign C. D. Warren.  
298 Red Claw, the One-Eyed Trapper; or, The Maid of the Cliff. By Captain Comstock.  
317 Peacock Pete, the Lively Lad from Leadville. By Lieutenant Alfred Thorne.  
328 The Sky Detective; or, A Boy's Fight for Life and Honor. By Major Mickey Free.  
350 Red Ralph, the River Rover; or, The Brother's Revenge. By Ned Bunline.  
365 Baltimore Ben, the Bootblack Detective. By A. P. Morris.  
374 Gold-Dust Tom; or, Ben's Double Match. By George H. Morris.  
376 California Joe's First Trail. By Colonel Thomas Hoyer Monstery.  
418 Billy Bombshell, the Cliff Climber. By F. S. Winthrop.  
475 The Black Ship. By John S. Warner.  
484 Comanche Dick and His Three Invincibles. By Henry J. Thomas.  
523 Wizard-Arm, the Dandy Sport. By Arthur S. Holt.  
532 The Cowboy Duke. By Edwin Brooke Forrest.  
552 Ariel the Athlete. By David Druid.  
585 Will Waters, the Boy Ferret. By H. Enton.

## A New Issue Every Tuesday.

The Half-Dime Library is for sale by all newsdealers, five cents per copy, or sent by mail on receipt of six cents each.

BEADLE AND ADAMS, Publishers.

98 William Street, New York.



# BEADLE'S HALF-DIME LIBRARY.

Published Every Tuesday. Each Issue Complete and Sold at the Uniform Price of Five Cents. No Double Numbers.

BY EDWARD L. WHEELER.

## Deadwood Dick Novels.

- 1 Deadwood Dick, the Prince of the Road.
- 20 Double Daggers; or, Deadwood Dick's Defiance.
- 28 Buffalo Ben; or, Deadwood Dick in Disguise.
- 35 Wild Ivan, the Boy Claude Duval.
- 42 Phantom Miner; or, Deadwood Dick's Bonanza.
- 49 Omaha Oil; or, Deadwood Dick in Danger.
- 57 Deadwood Dick's Eagles; or, The Parole of Flood Bar.
- 78 Deadwood Dick on Deck; or, Calamity Jane, the Heroine.
- 77 Corduroy Charlie; or, Deadwood Dick's Last Act.
- 100 Deadwood Dick in Leadville.
- 104 Deadwood Dick's Device; or, The Double Cross Sign.
- 109 Deadwood Dick as Detective.
- 129 Deadwood Dick's Double; or, The Ghost of Gorgon's Gulch.
- 138 Blonde Bill; or, Deadwood Dick's Home Base.
- 149 A Game of Gold; or, Deadwood Dick's Big Strike.
- 156 Deadwood Dick of Deadwood; or, The Picked Party.
- 195 Deadwood Dick's Dream; or, The Rivals of the Road.
- 201 The Black Hills Jerebel; or, Deadwood Dick's Ward.
- 205 Deadwood Dick's Boom; or, Calamity Jane's Last Adventure.
- 217 Captain Crack-Shot, the Girl Brigand.
- 221 Sugar-Coated Sam; or, The Black Gown.
- 232 Gold-Dust Dick, A Romance of Roughs and Toughs.
- 263 Deadwood Dick's Divide; or, The Spirit of Swamp Lake.
- 268 Deadwood Dick's Death Trail.
- 309 Deadwood Dick's Big Deal; or, The Gold Brick of Oregon.
- 321 Deadwood Dick's Dozen; or, The Fakir of Phantom Flats.
- 347 Deadwood Dick's Duets; or, Rainy Days in the Digings.
- 351 Deadwood Dick Sentenced; or, The Terrible Vendetta.
- 362 Deadwood Dick's Claim; or, The Fairy Face of Faro Flats.
- 405 Deadwood Dick in Dead City.
- 410 Deadwood Dick's Diamonds; or, The Mystery of Joan Porter.
- 421 Deadwood Dick in New York; or, A "Cute Case."
- 430 Deadwood Dick's Dust; or, The Chained Hand.
- 443 Deadwood Dick, Jr.
- 448 Nickel-Plate Ned; or, Deadwood Dick Jr's Defiance.
- 453 Sunflower Sam, of Shasta; or, Deadwood Dick Jr's Full Hand.
- 459 Flush Fan, the Ferret; or, Deadwood Dick Jr's Big Round-Up.
- 465 Philo Fly, of Phenix; or, Deadwood Dick Jr's Racket at Claim 10.
- 471 Bozeman Bill; or, Deadwood Dick Jr's Corral.
- 476 Humboldt Harry, the Hurricane; or, Deadwood Dick Jr's Dog Detective.
- 481 Moll Mystery; or, Deadwood Dick Jr. in Deadwood.
- 491 Prince Pistol, the King of the West; or, Deadwood Dick Jr's Compact.
- 496 Monte Cristo, Jr.; or, Deadwood Dick Jr's Inheritance.
- 500 Deadwood Dick's Diggings; or, Dr. Death-Grip's Swoop.
- 508 Deadwood Dick's Deliverance.
- 515 Deadwood Dick's Protegee.
- 522 Deadwood Dick's Three.
- 529 Deadwood Dick's Danger Ducks.
- 534 Deadwood Dick's Death Hunt.
- 539 Deadwood Dick Jr. in Texas.
- 544 Deadwood Dick, Jr. the Wild West Vidocq.
- 549 Deadwood Dick on His Mettle.
- 554 Deadwood Dick, Jr. in Gotham.
- 561 Deadwood Dick in Boston.
- 567 Deadwood Dick, Jr. in Philadelphia.
- 572 Deadwood Dick, Jr. in Chicago.
- 578 Deadwood Dick, Jr. Afloat.
- 584 Deadwood Dick, Jr. in Denver.
- 590 Deadwood Dick, Jr's Decree.
- 595 Deadwood Dick Jr. in Beelzebub's Basin.
- 600 Deadwood Dick Jr. at Coney Island.
- 606 Deadwood Dick Jr's Leadville Lay; or, Bristol and Bucket's Boom.

## Other Novels by E. L. Wheeler.

- 26 Cloven Hoof, the Buffalo Demon.
- 32 Bob Wolff; or, The Girl Dead-Shot.
- 39 Death-Face, Detective; or, Life in New York.
- 45 Old Avalanche; or, Wild Edna, the Girl Brigand.
- 53 Jim Bludsoe, Jr., the Boy Phenix.
- 61 Buckhorn Bill; or, The Red Rifle Team.
- 69 Gold Rifle, the Sharpshooter; or, The Boy Detective.
- 80 Rosebud Rob; or, Nugget Ned, the Knight.
- 84 Idyl, the Girl Miner; or, Rosebud Rob on Hand.
- 88 Photographic Phil; or, Rosebud Rob's Reappearance.
- 92 Canada Ochet; or, Old Anacoda in Sitting Bull's Camp.
- 96 Watch-Eye; or, Arabs and Angels of a Great City.
- 113 Jack Hoyle, the Young Speculator.
- 117 Gilt-Edged Dick, the Sport Detective.
- 121 Cinnamon Chip, the Girl Sport.
- 125 Bonanza Bill, Miner.
- 133 Boss Bob, the King of Bootblacks.
- 141 Solid Sam, the Boy Road-Agent.
- 145 Captain Ferret, the New York Detective; or, Boss Bob's Boss Job.
- 161 New York Nell, the Boy-Girl Detective.
- 177 Nobby Nick of Nevada; or, The Sierras Scamps.
- 181 Wild Frank, the Buckskin Bravo.
- 209 Fritz, the Bound-Boy Detective.
- 213 Fritz to the Front; or, The Ventriloquist Hunter.
- 226 Snoozer, the Boy Sharp; or, The Arab Detective.
- 236 Apollo Bill, the Trail Tornado.
- 240 Cyclone Kit, the Young Gladiator.
- 244 Sierra Sam, the Frontier Ferret.
- 248 Sierra Sam's Secret; or, The Bloody Footprints.
- 253 Sierra Sam's Pard; or, The Angel of Big Vista.
- 258 Sierra Sam's Seven; or, The Stolen Bride.
- 273 Jumbo Joe, the Boy Patrol; or, The Rival Heir.
- 277 Denver Doll, the Detective Queen.
- 281 Denver Doll's Victory.
- 285 Denver Doll's Decoy; or, Little Bill's Bonanza.
- 291 Turk, the Boy Ferret.
- 296 Denver Doll's Drift; or, The Road Queen.
- 299 A No. 1, the Dashing Toll-Taker.
- 303 'Liza Jane, the Girl Miner; or, The Iron-Nerved Sport.
- 325 Kelley, Hickey & Co., the Detectives of Philadelphia.
- 330 Little Quake-Shot; or, The Dead Face of Daggersville.
- 334 Kangaroo Kit; or, The Mysterious Miner.
- 339 Kangaroo Kit's Racket.
- 343 Manhattan Mike, the Bowery Blood.
- 353 First-Class Fred, the Gent from Gopher.
- 363 Yreka Jim, the Gold-Gatherer; or, The Lottery of Life.
- 372 Yreka Jim's Prize.
- 375 Nabob Ned; or, The Secret of Slab City.
- 382 Cool Kit, the King of Kids; or, A Villain's Vengeance.
- 385 Yreka Jim's Joker; or, The Rivals of Red Nose.
- 389 Bicycle Ben; or, The Lion of Lightning Lode.
- 394 Yreka Jim of Yuba Dam.
- 400 Wrinkles, the Night-Watch Detective.
- 416 High Hat Harry, the Base Ball Detective.
- 426 Sam Slabides, the Beggar-Boy Detective.
- 434 Jim Beak and Pal, Private Detectives.
- 438 Santa Fe Sal, the Slasher.
- 439 Sealatin Sam, the Sparkler.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

- 118 Will Somers, the Boy Detective.
- 122 Phil Hardy, the Boss Boy.
- 126 Picayune Pete; or, Nicodemus, the Dog Detective.
- 130 Detective Dick; or, The Hero in Rags.
- 142 Handsome Harry, the Bootblack Detective.
- 147 Will Wildfire, the Thoroughbred.
- 152 Black Bess, Will Wildfire's Racer.
- 157 Mike Merry, the Harbor Police Boy.
- 162 Will Wildfire in the Woods.
- 165 Billy Baggage, the Railroad Boy.
- 170 A Trump Card; or, Will Wildfire Wins and Loses.
- 174 Bob Rockett; or, Mysteries of New York.
- 179 Bob Rockett, the Bank Runner.
- 183 The Hidden Hand; or, Will Wildfire's Revenge.
- 187 Fred Halyard, the Life Boat Boy; or, The Smugglers.
- 189 Bob Rockett; or, Driven to the Wall.
- 196 Shadowed; or, Bob Rockett's Fight for Life.
- 206 Dark Paul, the Tiger King.
- 212 Dashing Dave, the Dandy Detective.
- 220 Tom Tanner; or, The Black Sheep of the Flock.
- 225 Sam Charcoal, the Premium Dandy.
- 235 Shadow Sam, the Messenger Boy.
- 242 The Two "Bloods"; or, Shenandoah Bill and His Gang.
- 252 Dick Dashaway; or, A Dakota Boy in Chicago.
- 262 The Young Sharps; or, Rollicking Mike's Hot Trail.
- 274 Jolly Jim, the Detective Apprentice.
- 289 Jolly Jim's Job; or, The Young Detective.
- 298 The Water-Hound; or, The Young Thoroughbred.
- 305 Dashaway, of Dakota; or, A Western Lad in the Quaker City.
- 324 Ralph Ready, the Hotel Boy Detective.
- 341 Tony Thorne, the Vagabond Detective.
- 353 The Reporter-Detective; or, Fred Flyer's Blizzard.
- 367 Wide-Awake Joe; or, A Boy of the Times.
- 379 Larry, the Leveler; or, The Bloods of the Boulevard.
- 403 Firefly Jack, the River-Rat Detective.
- 423 The Lost Finger; or, The Entrapped Cashier.
- 428 Fred Flyer, the Reporter Detective.
- 432 Invincible Logan, the Pinkerton Ferret.
- 456 Billy Brick, the Jolly Vagabond.
- 466 Wide-Awake Jerry, Detective; or, Entombed Alive.
- 479 Detective Dodge; or, The Mystery of Frank Hearty.
- 484 Wild Dick Racket.
- 501 Boots, the Boy Fireman; or, Too Sharp for the Sharper.
- 566 The Secret Service Boy Detective.
- 596 Jimmy the Kid; or, A Lamb Among Wolves.

## BY OLL COOMES.

- 5 Vagabond Joe, the Young Wandering Jew.
- 13 The Dumb Spy.
- 27 Antelope Abe, the Boy Guide.
- 31 Keen-Knife, the Prince of the Prairies.
- 41 Lasso Jack, the Young Mustang.
- 53 The Border King; or, The Secret Foe.
- 71 Delaware Dick, the Young Ranger Spy.
- 74 Hawk-eye Harry, the Young Trapper Ranger.
- 83 Rollo, the Boy Ranger.
- 134 Sure Shot Seth, the Boy Rifleman.
- 143 Sear-Face Saul, the Silent Hunter.
- 146 Silver Star, the Boy Knight.
- 153 Eagle Kit, the Boy Demon.
- 163 Little Texas, the Young Mustang.
- 178 Old Solitary, the Hermit Trapper.
- 182 Little Hurricane, the Boy Captain.
- 202 Prospect Pete; or, The Young Outlaw Hunters.
- 208 The Boy Hercules; or, The Prairie Tramps.
- 218 Tiger Tom, the Texas Terror.
- 224 Dashing Dick; or, Trapper Tom's Castle.
- 228 Little Wildfire, the Young Prairie Nomad.
- 238 The Parson Detective; or, The Little Ranger.
- 243 The Disguised Guide; or, Wild Raven, the Ranger.
- 260 Dare-Devil Dan, the Young Prairie Ranger.
- 272 Minkskin Mike, the Boy Sharpshooter.
- 290 Little Foxfire, the Boy Spy.
- 300 The Sky Demon; or, Rainbolt, the Ranger.
- 384 Whip-King Joe, the Boy Ranchero.
- 409 Hercules; or, Dick, the Boy Ranger.
- 417 Webfoot Mose, the Tramp Detective.
- 422 Baby Sam, the Boy Giant of the Yellowstone.
- 444 Little Buckskin, the Young Prairie Centaur.
- 457 Wingedfoot Fred; or, Old Polar Saul.
- 463 Tamarae Tom, the Big Trapper Boy.
- 473 Old Tom Rattler, the Red River Epidemic.
- 482 Stonewall Bob, the Boy Trojan.
- 562 Blundering Basil, the Hermit Boy Trapper.

## BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

- 23 Nick o' the Night; or, The Boy Spy of '76.
- 37 The Hidden Lodge; or, The Little Hunter.
- 47 Nightingale Nat; or, The Forest Captains.
- 64 Dandy Jack; or, The Outlaws of the Oregon Trail.
- 82 Kit Harefoot, the Wood-Hawk.
- 94 Midnight Jack; or, The Boy Trapper.
- 106 Old Frosty, the Guide; or, The White Queen.
- 123 Kiowa Charley, the White Mustang.
- 139 Judge Lynch, Jr.; or, The Boy Vigilante.
- 155 Gold Trigger, the Sport; or, The Girl Avenger.
- 169 Tornado Tom; or, Injun Jack From Red Cora.
- 188 Ned Temple, the Border Boy.
- 198 Arkansas; or, The Queen of Fate's Revenge.
- 207 Navajo Nick, the Boy Gold Hunter.
- 215 Captain Bullet; or, Little Tonknot's Crusade.
- 231 Plucky Phil; or, Rosa, the Red Jezebel.
- 241 Bill Bravo; or, The Roughs of the Rockies.
- 255 Captain Apollo, the King-Pin of Bowls.
- 267 The Buckskin Detective.
- 279 Old Winch; or, The Buckskin Desperadoes.
- 294 Dynamite Dan; or, The Bowie Blade of Cochetopa.
- 302 The Mountain Detective; or, The Trigger Bar Bully.
- 316 Old Eclipse, Tramp Card of Arizona.
- 326 The Ten Pards; or, The Terror of Take-Notice.
- 336 Big Benson; or, The Queen of the Lasso.
- 345 Pitless Matt; or, Red Thunderbolt's Secret.
- 356 Cool Sam and Pard; or, The Terrible Six.
- 366 Velvet Foot, the Indian Detective.
- 386 Captain Outlaws; or, The Buccaneer's Girl Foe.
- 396 Rough Rob; or, The Twin Champions of Blue Blazes.
- 411 The Silken Lasso; or, The Rose of Ranch Robia.
- 418 Felix Fox, the Boy Spotter.
- 425 Texas Tramp, the Border Rattler.
- 436 Phil Flash, the New York Fox.
- 445 The City Vampires; or, Red Rolf's Pigeon.
- 461 One Against Fifty; or, The Last Man of Keno Bar.
- 470 The Boy Shadow; or, Felix Fox's Hunt.
- 477 The Excelsior Sport; or, The Washington Spotter.
- 499 Single Sight, the One-Eyed Sport.
- 502 Branded Ben, the Night Ferret.
- 512 Dodger Dick, the Wharf-Spy Detective.
- 521 Dodger Dick's Best Dodge.
- 528 Fox and Falcon, the Bowery Shadows.
- 538 Dodger Dick, the Dock Ferret.
- 543 Dodger Dick's Double; or, The Rival Boy Detectives.
- 553 Dodger Dick's Desperate Case.
- 563 Dodger Dick, the Boy Vidocq.
- 573 The Two Shadows.
- 582 Dodger Dick's Drop.
- 594 Little Lon, the Street-Singer Detective.

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

- 7 The Flying Yankee; or, The Ocean Outcast.
- 17 Ralph Roy, the Boy Buccaneer; or, The Fugitive Yacht.
- 24 Diamond Dirk; or, The Mystery of the Yellowstone.
- 62 The Shadow Ship; or, The Rival Lieutenants.
- 75 The Boy Bnelli; or, The Cruise of the Sea-Wolf.
- 102 Dick Dead-Eye, the Boy Smuggler.
- 111 The Sea-Devil; or, The Midshipman's Legacy.
- 116 The Hussar Captain; or, The Hermit of Hell Gate.
- 197 Little Grit; or, Beale, the Stock-Tender's Daughter.
- 204 Gold Plume; or, The Kid-Glove Sport.
- 216 Bison Bill, the Prince of the Plains.
- 222 Grit, the Bravo Sport; or, The Woman Trailer.
- 229 Crimson Kate; or, The Cowboy's Triumph.
- 237 Lone Star, the Cowboy Captain.
- 245 Merle, the Middy; or, The Freelance Heir.
- 250 The Midshipman Mutineer; or, Brandt, the Buccaneer.
- 264 The Floating Feather; or, Merle Monte's Treasure Island.
- 269 The Gold Ship; or, Merle, the Condemned.
- 276 Merle Monte's Cruise; or, The Chase of "The Gold Ship."
- 280 Merle Monte's Fate; or, Pearl, the Pirate's Bride.
- 284 The Sea Marauder; or, Merle Monte's Plagde.
- 287 Billy Blue-Eyes, the Boy Rover of the Rio Grande.
- 304 The Dead Shot Dandy; or, Benito, the Boy Bugler.
- 308 Keno Kit; or, Dead Shot Dandy's Double.
- 314 The Mysterious Marauder; or, The Boy Bugler's Long Trail.
- 337 Bonodel, the Boy Rover; or, The Flagless Schooner.
- 352 The Indian Pilot; or, The Search for Pirate Island.
- 357 Warpath Will, the Boy Phantom.
- 393 Seawalk, the Boy Lieutenant.
- 402 Isodor, the Young Conspirator; or, The Fatal League.
- 407 The Boy Insurgent; or, The Cuban Vendetta.
- 412 The Wild Yachtman; or, The War-Cloud's Cruise.
- 429 Duncan Dare, the Boy Refugee.
- 433 A Cabin Boy's Luck; or, The Corsair.
- 437 The Sea Raider.
- 441 The Ocean Firefly; or, A Middy's Vengeance.
- 446 Haphazard Harry; or, The Scapegrace of the Sea.
- 450 Wizard Will; or, The Boy Ferret of New York.
- 454 Wizard Will's Street Scouts.
- 462 The Born Guide; or, The Sailor Boy Wanderer.
- 468 Neptune Ned, the Boy Coaster.
- 474 Flora; or, Wizard Will's Vagabond Pard.
- 483 Ferrets Afloat; or, Wizard Will's Last Case.
- 487 Nevada Ned, the Revolver Ranger.
- 495 Arizona Joe, the Boy Pard of Texas Jack.
- 497 Buck Taylor, King of the Cowboys.
- 503 The Royal Middy; or, The Shark and the Sea Cat.
- 507 The Hunted Midshipman.
- 511 The Outlawed Middy.
- 520 Buckskin Bill, the Comanche Shadow.
- 525 Brothers in Buckskin.
- 530 The Buckskin Bowers.
- 535 The Buckskin Rovers.
- 540 Captain Ku-Klux, the Marauder of the Rio.
- 545 Lieutenant Leo, the Son of Lafitte.
- 550 Lafitte's Legacy; or, The Avenging Son.
- 555 The Creole Corsair.
- 560 Pawnee Bill, the Prairie Shadower.
- 565 Kent Kingdon, the Card King.
- 570 Camille, the Card Queen.
- 575 The Surgeon-Scout Detective.
- 580 The Outcast Cadet; or, The False Detective.
- 586 The Buckskin Avenger.
- 591 Delmonte, the Young Sea-Rover.
- 597 The Young Texan Detective.
- 602 The Vagabond of the Mines.
- 607 The Rover Detective; or, Keno Kit's Champions.

## BY BUFFALO BILL (Hon. Wm. F. Cody).

- 3 Kansas King; or, The Red Right Hand.
- 19 The Phantom Spy; or, The Pilot of the Prairie.
- 55 Deadly-Eye, the Unknown Scout.
- 68 Border Robin Hood; or, The Prairie Rover.
- 158 Fancy Frank of Colorado; or, The Trapper's Trust.

## LATEST AND NEW ISSUES.

- 608 The Pitcher Detective's Foll; or, Double Curve Dan's Double Play. By Geo. C. Jenks.
- 609 Bolly Dorrit, the Veteran Detective; or, Little Lightning's Invincibles. By John W. Osbon.
- 610 Old Skinner, the Gold Shark; or, Tony Sharp on Guard. By T. C. Harbaugh.
- 611 Blind Barnacle, the Detective Hercules; or, The Tussle at Table Mountain. By Lieut. A. K. Sims.
- 612 Deadwood Dick Jr. in Detroit; or, Turning the Tables on Satan. By Edward L. Wheeler.
- 613 Billy Blazes; or, The Skeleton's Legacy. By P. S. Warne.
- 614 Whistling Jacob, the Detective's Aid; or, The Queer Combination. By Jo Pierce.
- 615 Fighting Harry, the Chief of Chained Cyclone; or, The Heathen Chinese's Mission. By J. C. Cowdrick.
- 616 The Ocean Detective; or, The Last Cruise of the Black Bear. By Geo. C. Jenks. Ready May 14.
- 617 Ralph, the Dead-Shot Scout; or, The Raiders and the Red Rider's of the Rio. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham. Ready May 21.
- 618 Deadwood Dick, Jr. in Cincinnati; or, The Clineber Campaign. By Ed. L. Wheeler. Ready May 28.
- 619 The Boy Tramp Detective; or, The Double Grip Witness. By Wm. G. Patten. Ready June 4.
- 620 Little Lightning's League; or, The Mystery of the Island. By John W. Osbon. Ready June 11.

A New Issue Every Tuesday.

The Half-Dime Library is for sale by all newsdealers, five cents per copy, or sent by mail on receipt of six cents each.

BEADLE AND ADAMS, Publishers,  
98 William Street New York.